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All Out for Gaitskell?
by Paul Johnson

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Chinese Intellectuals
by R. H. S. Crossman

★

G. D. H. Cole
by Kingsley Martin

Comments on the Week's News .. 58
Freedom in Their Lifetime. James Fairbairn 60
Shall We Help Mr Gaitskell? Paul Johnson 61
London Diary. Critic 62
This England 63
G. D. H. Cole. Kingsley Martin .. 63
Bliss Was It in That Dawn. R. H. S. Crossman 64
Brave New World. Geoffrey Goodman 66
Strip and Shake. Tom Baistow 67

ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

A Belief in Uniforms. John Berger .. 68
The Army Again. Robert Robinson .. 69
The Magic Flute at Covent Garden. William Glock 70
A Clutch of Plays. Tom Driberg .. 70
The Big Illusion. William Whitebait .. 70

CORRESPONDENCE

Robert Pitman, Israel Berkovitch, Michael Randle, James Robertson, J. D. Chinnery and P. D. Hanan, H. D. Baecker, Derek Walker-Smith MP, Peter Craig-Raymond, Bernard Gill, Edward Rogers 71

Books in General:

The Marksman. V. S. Pritchett .. 74
The Red Man. Ewart Milne 75
Now the Year Unfolds. Karen Gershon 75

REVIEWS

Hatters' Shakes and Writers' Cramp. David Pyke 76
Phantom of Delight. Kathleen Raine .. 76
The Civil War Plain. Marcus Cunliffe .. 77
Special Correspondent. C. H. Rolph .. 78
Irishness. Donat O'Donnell 78
New Novels. V. S. Naipaul 79
All This and Cocoa Too. Asa Briggs .. 80
Week-end Competitions 80
City Lights. Taurus 85

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The Real Voice of America

MIKOYAN'S message to America is simple. 'We are the only two powers that matter; if we can reach an accommodation, the rest of the world—whether Chinese hot-heads or German *révanchistes*—will have to accept it. We have two choices. We can destroy—or, more probably, ruin—each other. Or we can get together, settle our differences on the basis of the *status quo,* and see who can get richer faster. Which makes more sense?' For many American businessmen, groaning under rising defence costs, searching anxiously for new markets in the chill recession winds, and seeing in the Lunik a portent of Russia's capacity to devastate their homeland, there is little doubt which makes more sense. Mikoyan is talking something very like their language.

But it is not the language of the State Department. Unable or unwilling to appreciate the change in the political equation which stems from Soviet attainment of destructive parity, it remains a prisoner of its containment policy. This not only postulates overall US military superiority; it is a defensive reflex to a sledge-hammer diplomacy which Russia has now abandoned. Mr Dulles, indeed, though careful at his press conference to genuflect to the current mood in America, made it clear he is not prepared to modify his global analysis.

Thus, into the relaxed atmosphere induced by Mikoyan's back-slapping and wisecracks, he threw a calculated bombshell. This was a technical report which purports to show that the East-West scientists' findings last August gravely underestimated the difficulty of detecting underground tests. The report is based on testimony by Dr Teller—who is on record as stating that continued testing is vital to US security—and three other officials, each of whom has a professional interest in opposing a ban. These are the men whose opinions were rejected by the scientists' conference, and who earlier last year had been detected in a piece of bare-faced equivocation in their official memoranda on the Rainier underground test. Nevertheless, the report has been officially tabled by the US delegation at the Geneva test-ban conference, thereby implying that the US no longer accepts the agreed technological basis of the Geneva negotiations.

It is some measure of Krushchev's persistence that he has chosen to ignore this attempt to sabotage the conference. On the contrary, the Russian delegation has made two moves this week which indicates its growing desire to reach agreement. The first proposal is to by-pass the deadlock over voting procedure in the control commission, in the hope that progress over further articles in the treaty will create an atmosphere of confidence in which it can be resolved. The second—designed to promote this aim—embodies two major concessions in the central field of control. Russia now accepts not only the fixed control posts laid down by the scientists, but on-site inspection to identify suspicious phenomena, and aerial flights along agreed routes to gather radioactivity samples. Her system is still less flexible than the West's, but it now involves acceptance, in detail, of an effective degree of control.

These concrete concessions, moreover, should be seen against the background of rising emphasis which Soviet leaders now place on disarmament. It has been the burden of Mikoyan's speeches; and it was the subject of the long and remarkable interview which Krushchev recently accorded the Noel-Bakers. Indeed, in this talk, he went far beyond the current test negotiations and opened up a vista of genuine disarmament. He accepted the principle of a controlled cut-off of nuclear production—hitherto denounced as 'impracticable'—omitting the vital proviso that this should be preceded by a destruction of stockpiles. He seemed, in fact, to be withdrawing his previous refusal to allow 'guests' into his 'bedroom'.

But all this, however, is conditional on the present negotiations. Must it therefore be jeopardised by the unsupported testimony of four discredited experts? Here, surely, is a chance for Britain to seize the initiative. The Quemoy crisis showed that Washington was lagging far behind American opinion and the gap has been revealed again by Mr Mikoyan's visit. Mr Macmillan now has the chance to speak not only for his own country, but for the overwhelming majority of Americans. Will he take it? Or will he choose, once more, to be 'wrong together'?

Comments on the Week's News

Two Images of Germany

The Soviet draft for a German peace treaty should be regarded not so much as a working paper for the coming big power talks as an intimation to the West of the Soviet image of Germany's future. In a perfect world, this is the kind of Germany the Russian leaders would like to see: disarmed, neutralised, insulated from power politics, reunited only in a nominal sense, her internal political evolution limited by international statutes. It reflects the Soviet view that the Germans cannot be trusted to settle either their internal affairs or their foreign policy independently. The Russians, of course, are well aware that they cannot expect western agreement to the concrete presentation of this image in their draft; but it is clear that they will accept no settlement which does not embody its spirit. Unfortunately, it is precisely around this broad conception of Germany's future – much more so than on any detailed points, such as free elections – that the real difference between East and West revolves. As Mr Dulles made plain in his illuminating press conference, he rejects the Soviet image of Germany because it repeats the Versailles formula, and is, in his view, likely to recreate the conditions of frustrated nationalism in which Hitlerism flourished. He believes Germany can become politically adult only in a western European context in which her industrial energies can find their natural expression. Both these images are sincerely based on conflicting interpretations of history, and yet without agreement between the West and the USSR no solution for Germany exists. Behind the Soviet anxiety for a rapid settlement lies the belief, probably well-founded, that the present position of Germany reflects the Dulles image: if it is not changed, the majority of Germans, and the greater part of German industry, will pass permanently into a western European confederation which Germany would inevitably dominate. If, therefore, the status quo is to be maintained – and Mr Dulles's remarks, though revealing a new flexibility on the issue of free elections, gave no hint that there is a real basis for negotiation – it becomes all the more essential that a brake should be applied to West German rearmament, and above all in nuclear weapons.

The Real Tests in Cyprus

Sir Hugh Foot's broadcast to the people of Cyprus on Tuesday night may prove to be important: he referred specifically to the return of Archbishop Makarios on condition that the existing Eoka truce became permanent; he hinted his approval of the single, non-communal legislative chamber which the Greeks and Turks have been discussing privately in Ankara; and he coupled his appeal for peace with the release of 35 more prisoners from the concentration camps. The Cyprus situation has now deteriorated to the point where a speech from the Governor cannot by itself accomplish very much; but it can create an atmosphere in which practical measures become a little easier. That brings us to General Darling. Sir Hugh may appeal in all sincerity for the continuance of the truce: it is General Darling who, in the eyes of every Greek, has already broken it by launching renewed military operations against Eoka. Which of the two speaks with the real voice of Downing Street? Ministers and their apologists in the press are beginning to speak with self-satisfaction of a 'compromise' by which partition might be ruled out if the Greeks formally abandon Enosis. This, of course, is what Makarios proposed last September – and it is what Mr Macmillan has hitherto rejected at the cost of a good many lives. If it is now to become respectable, so much the better; but it can be made real only as the accompaniment to a genuine cessation of military operations on both sides. One crucial test of the government's sincerity, then, is whether it is willing to call General Darling to heel. Another is whether it decides to press ahead with the Surridge recommendations for separate municipalities and with the plans for early elections to a Turkish assembly. These are the natural precursors of partition; and, unless they are abandoned, it is too much to expect the Greeks to believe that partition is no longer the British government's secret purpose.

The Congo Stirs

The Belgian Establishment – and not least its Socialist wing – has derived a good deal of complacent self-satisfaction from the political tranquility of the Congo. The colony has often been cited as an example of the success of undiluted paternalism. There is no colour-bar, and white settlers and administrators – roughly 0.5 per cent. – possess no more political rights than their African workers. Efficient direct administration, and rich deposits of raw materials have brought 'bicycle age' prosperity, at least to the urban Africans; while, until recently, their latent political instincts were curbed by legislation which forbade them higher education unless they were preparing for the priesthood. Within the last year, however, the picture has radically changed. 'Devolution,' under which Africans were allowed to elect certain mayors, with limited local powers, has awakened political appetites; while the collapse of world commodity prices, leading to widespread unemployment, has created an issue on which these could feed. The result is an embryonic political movement, half-way between a tribal society and a modern political party, which voices a growing sense of racial consciousness. A clash was inevitable – though the Accra Conference probably played some part in its timing. The breakdown of paternalism has led to panic in Brussels, and the issuing of mingled threats and promises. Independence, however, has now been admitted as the ultimate target, and this is of future significance for the White Supremacy states of Central Africa. The black republics of West Africa had seemed a long way away: now the Federation faces the prospect of a new one on its own doorstep in which the primitive people of the upper Congo will enjoy rights denied to their more sophisticated neighbours in Nyasaland and the Rhodesias.

One Up for De Gaulle

M. Debré's new government is scarcely new at all. All but four of the 21 ministers sat in de Gaulle's combination, and it is evident that real control is still exercised by the General. M Debré is notorious for his hatred of Little Europe and his extremist views on Algeria (he was only dissuaded by friends, at the last minute, from joining Soustelle in Algiers at the time of the *coup*). He is even better known, however, for his fidelity to de Gaulle, and this last characteristic seems to be overruling the other two. At any rate, he presides over a government most of whose members are 'Europeans', and which is committed to participation in the Common Market. His government's first act, moreover, was a big concession to Algerian Moslem opinion: the release of 7,000 prisoners, and the transfer of Ben Bella and his companions from prison to house arrest. Behind this, writes our Paris correspondent, lies a significant story. De Gaulle had planned the releases as a surprise, which would confront extremist *colon* opinion with the *fait accompli*. Last Friday, however, Agence France Presse put out an item – released first in North Africa – forecasting the move. AFP's director was promptly summoned to the Hôtel Matignon and asked for an explanation; but he was unable to indicate the precise origin of the information – it had been received by one of his editors from 'government circles'. Evidently, the 'patriots' in the General's entourage wished to alert *colon* opinion and so prevent his decision from being carried out. The scream of alarm from Algiers naturally took place; but the General stood firm, and though the releases were delayed, they were eventually carried out on Tuesday. This augurs well. The move not only helps to create a climate of confidence in which secret negotiations with the FLN – rumoured to have been resumed – can bear fruit; it also indicates a new determination on the General's part to resist *colon* pressure-group tactics which, in the past, have always succeeded in sabotaging a settlement.

Posterity's Pensions

There are only minor changes in the government's graduated pension plan, which is now to be hurried through parliament. But the Bill, published last week, is accompanied by a more detailed estimate of the plan's finances, prepared by the government actuary. From this it appears that, under the government's scheme, the relative share of the national income going to pensioners will decline (assuming an annual increase of two per cent. in output) though there will be more people drawing pensions. Moreover, the graduated contributions are graded to rise more rapidly, over the next 40 years, than the expected demand for pensions. This means that the Treasury contribution, raised from general taxation, will decline: the Bill provides for a minimum Exchequer grant of £170m. a year, but if this produces a surplus, the Treasury will borrow back from the pension fund. This means that the scheme will increasingly finance itself, and that it will achieve its main purpose – to relieve the income and surtax payer of the 'burden' of pensions, and eliminate as far as possible any form of income redistribution. The employee in a generous private scheme will continue to get superior benefits, while those earning less than £9 a week will get nothing, immediately or in the future, except a slight increase in the annual bonus awarded to those who defer taking a pension after the minimum pensionable age. This cannot be called an imitation of Labour's superannuation scheme, for the element of graduation is trivial and subordinate to the Tory intention of making posterity pay for its own pensions. It does nothing, moreover, to deal with the growing problem of transfer rights. The provision for contracting out is complex but inadequate, and this may prove to be the rock on which the whole scheme founders before it is effectively launched.

News from Our Own Correspondents

New York

The Carpetbagger

In spite of the eggs, snowballs, and jeers with which Mr Mikoyan has been greeted by small bands of understandably embittered Hungarians, his 'vacation tour' of the United States appears to have been a shrewd and successful Soviet manœuvre. Had the declared purpose of his visit been diplomatic, it is doubtful that he would have been allowed to come at all, such is the aversion in Washington to bilateral discussion of world affairs. But since Mr Krushchev's deputy is ostensibly here only for pleasure, common courtesy dictated informal chats with Secretary Dulles, Vice-President Nixon, and the President himself, while at the same time permitting the visitor to lunch with labour leaders, dine with automobile magnates, drink with politicians, romp with film stars in Hollywood, and see something of the country.

As one who has survived 40 years of lethal Soviet politics, Mikoyan is much too shrewd to have expected immediate results in the two areas that appear to be his chief interest, namely, Soviet-American trade and Soviet-American diplomatic talks. There is little in the way of goods that the US needs from Russia and no great desire to sell it machinery, which Krushchev wants but which his engineers could quickly copy. Moreover, with trade one of the principal weapons of the cold war, there is no disposition here to make credits available to the Russians, especially since the two countries can't even get together on a joint economic assistance programme for underdeveloped countries.

As for any attempt at a bilateral settlement of world problems, Mikoyan's hints and promptings found no official echo here. Indeed, the President seemed to go out of his way to discourage such hopes when he pointedly remarked in his State of the Union Message: 'We have learned the bitter lesson that international agreements, historically considered by us as sacred, are regarded in Communist doctrine and in practice to be mere scraps of paper'. Yet there is increasing evidence in the country that American-Soviet talks need not automatically be regarded as a betrayal of our allies, much less an attempt to carve up the world. 'Actually,' editorialised the responsible St Louis *Post-Dispatch,* 'it would be perfectly possible to keep faith with our allies – to consult them fully, take their interest into consideration at every stage – and still conduct a bilateral negotiation. Indeed, if they were asked, most of our allies who sincerely want peace would probably encourage such negotiations. . . .' That the Kremlin should have sent an informal envoy to take soundings on this score is regarded in some quarters as the first genuine sign to date that the Russians want to ease the strains of the Cold War.

Outside official circles, Mikoyan ironically enough was most at home and successful among the tycoons of industry and least so in the company of trade unionists, with Congressmen somewhere in between. In Cleveland and Detroit he showered praise on American businessmen, who, he said, he no longer believed wanted war. In return, they called him 'forthright' and paid him such glowing tributes as 'There's a real salesman'. Leading Republican Senators bluntly declined invitations to Eric Johnston's dinner to Mikoyan, and Representative Judd tactfully explained that he didn't 'dine with a man whose hands drip blood'. But top Democrats turned out in force, relieving the Administration of an embarrassment that its Republican followers didn't seem to mind about.

It was at labour's table, however, that Mikoyan fared badly. At a lunch tendered him by James Carey, president of the Electrical Workers, Walter Reuther criticised the Russian portrayal of American workers as wage slaves, another union chief brought up Hungary, and still others inquired about Soviet labour camps. The Old Bolshevik, one of the last of his species, chided them gently for their prejudices, but he was obviously relieved to be setting off for the Middle West and the company of his fellow-industrialists.

ROBERT BENDINER

New Delhi

Congress Factions

Our Delhi Correspondent writes: The emphasis at the annual session of the Congress at Nagpur has been on land reform and planning. Foreign affairs have received no more than formal attention. In these respects the session has conformed to expectations. What, however, is very much in every mind at Nagpur, but is not openly aired, is creeping indiscipline and factional division in the Congress. Few states at present seem free from rifts and dissensions. Uttar Pradesh, Rajasthan, Andhra and the Punjab have seen perhaps the most violent eruptions in recent weeks of personal rivalry among Congress leaders. Uttar Pradesh occupies a special place, both because the Congress is reputedly best organised there and because it is the Prime Minister's home state. Nevertheless, some dissidents journeyed to Nagpur from there determined to bring up and force a decision on the question of 'freedom of opinion' inside the party.

That the factional differences – 'groupism', as it has been called – in the party are causing more and more concern to central leadership is evident from the resolutions and directives of the Congress during the last year or so. In April 1958, for instance, the party's working committee called attention, in a directive to Congress members in legislatures, to the 'inadvisability of carrying on signature campaigns against the leader or the ministry.

The Congress working committee is of the definite opinion that this should be considered as unallowable under any circumstances. . . . Any breach of this rule will be considered as a breach of discipline and will be treated as such'. A month later, in May, the All-India Congress Committee urged upon Congress members, in a resolution, to keep constantly in view the 'historic task' of the Congress party, which was to work for the consolidation of India's unity and cohesion, and 'to pledge themselves to work to this end'. Last autumn, at the Hyderabad session of the AICC, a resolution, which emphasised that 'the purpose of organising Mandal Committees [smallest party unit] was to strengthen . . . and develop close cooperation with the people', said: 'The AICC views with concern the continuation of groups and internal conflicts within the Congress. The Congress cannot serve the people or take them towards the objective in view unless these group rivalries are given up and discipline is maintained and every Congressman subordinates his own interests to the larger good.'

Observers generally are of the view that the 'indiscipline' in the Congress, though a proportion of it does flow from personal rivalries and ambitions, springs in the main from a notion that the Congress party continues to be the same national forum or 'parliament' that it was in the days of the freedom struggle; some of those accused of indiscipline are well-tried and certainly not disloyal members of the party. The mass of the people show evidence of apathy towards the Congress. Mr U. N. Dhebar, who has decided not to continue as president of the Congress, devised Mandal Committees in a bid to retrieve popularity for the party and take it back to the people.

But while the idea was a good enough one, it has not amounted to much in practice. Many think the Congress in the present circumstances needs a real national leader. Perhaps when Mr Dhebar was elected president in 1955, the inspiration came from the Labour Party of Britain, whose chairman is not necessarily a national figure. In present Indian conditions many Congress members, and others, feel that for taking the party back to the people it is necessary that command of the organisation should be in the hands of leaders of the stature of Mr Nehru and Dr Prasad. This would, they maintain, reverse the tendency among members of the organisation to scramble for office, and also stop the Congress party from gradually becoming no more than an agency of the government, at the centre as well as in the states.

Fleet Street

The Lost Army

Having successfully beaten off a late counterbid by Odhams Press, Mr Cecil Harmsworth King and Mr Hugh Cudlipp (like Sir Ivan Stedeford, of Tube Investments, they took the precaution of having the *enfant terrible* of the merchant bankers, Warburgs, to act for them) have now assumed their new seats of power as chairman and vice-chairman respectively of the £18m. empire of Amalgamated Press. Fleet Street is waiting anxiously to see where the lightning will strike. It could, and I daresay will, strike in the lush market for women's magazines or in the cosy world of the children's comics, but, for my own part, I shall watch with particular interest to see what Mr King and Mr Cudlipp do with *Everybodys*. For what happens to *Everybodys* may turn out to be a test case in a question which is of relevance over a good deal wider area than Fleet Street: is there still any place at all in Britain for the weekly magazine which attempts to combine mass circulation with a certain standard of taste, literary quality and intelligent interest in public affairs?

There used to be four weeklies – known professionally as 'the Big Fourpennies', although those that still remain have gone up to 4½d. – which appealed to what Tom Hopkinson called 'the near-intelligentsia, a recruiting ground for possible thinking people . . . the floating reader who does little serious reading in the ordinary way but who is accessible to ideas and suggestions'. These four Big Fourpennies were *John Bull, Everybodys, Picture Post* and *Illustrated.* In their post-war prime each had a circulation of over a million and, after allowing for a certain overlap, a combined weekly readership of probably at least 14,000,000. Now, *Picture Post* and *Illustrated* having died, there are only two; and both these have fallen below the million mark; *John Bull* only a little below (its average for the six months ending 31 December last was 968,000; four years ago it was close on 1,200,000); and *Everybodys* a long way below, with a current circulation probably not much more than half its one time peak. Their combined readership is probably not much more than 5,000,000 or at the very most 6,000,000. What has happened to Tom Hopkinson's 'near intelligentsia'? Have four out of every seven of them turned to other reading habits? Or given up reading altogether? Or are they still there waiting to be rediscovered, an unsatisfied magazine reading public of a size big enough to make any publisher's eyes glisten? There is no evidence in the circulation figures of other magazines to show that they have gone elsewhere – unless one assumes that they have all taken to reading domestic notes and fashion hints in the woman's weeklies, which seems unlikely. They have simply disappeared – a lost army.

This lost public of the Big Fourpennies is probably much the same public as that which follows the television magazine and discussion programmes – the 8,000,000 plus, who regularly tune into the BBC's *Panorama*, the 6,000,000 or so who look at ITV's *This Week*, the more than 4,000,000 who follow *Press Conference*. But has viewing replaced reading or would they read as well – if they could find anything to read? It is clear from the success of the television programmes mentioned and of others in the same *genre* that the thirst for information of all kinds is still very great. Nor, if American experience is anything to go by, does it seem to follow that those of this great middle public who now view no longer read. *Collier's* magazine it is true is dead, but the knife that cut its throat was financial: it did not die from lack of reader-interest. The *Saturday Evening Post, Look, Life,* and *Reader's Digest* remain with their millions to show that it is still possible to look and read. The mystery of the missing 8,000,000 remains.

This middle public of the 'near intelligentsia' is important, not only numerically but qualitatively. Its members have in the past played an important part in the development of journalism and in the production of a general climate of literate opinion. It is the audience which in earlier days provided a firm foundation for *Household Words, Popular Education,* the *Strand* magazine and many others which not only brought good, honest reading to large numbers but also provided bread and butter for many excellent writers.

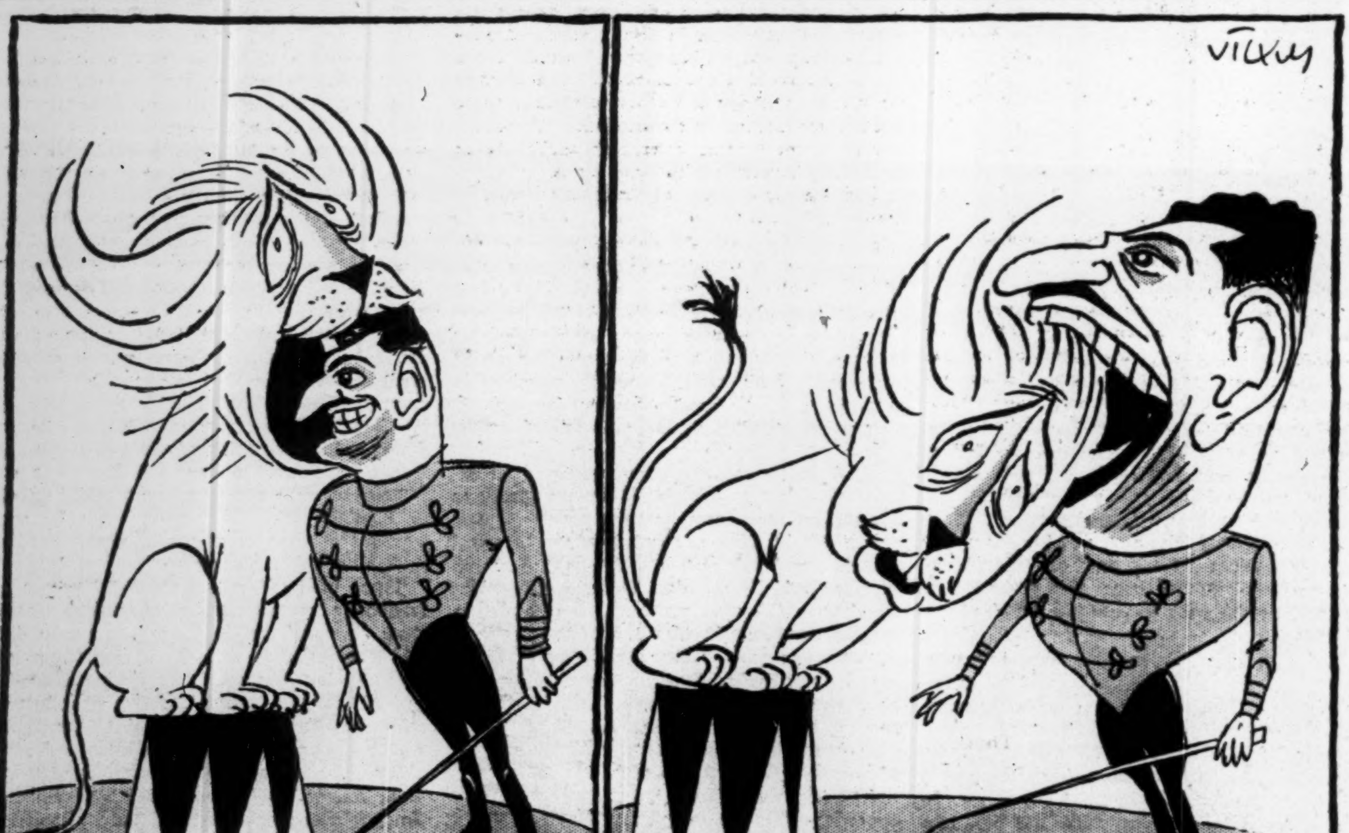
It is perhaps significant that *John Bull,* the only one of the Big Fourpennies to manage to hold on to a sizable part of its original public, has lately, after losing circulation for some time, begun to gain again. It has done so partly by a policy of big names in fiction, but also more recently by a change in its original non-fiction formula, which was based on a belief in short anecdotal treatment. It now publishes much longer articles, shows a much more sophisticated interest in world affairs than formerly, and has lost its earlier fear of opinions. This change is paying off. It suggests that if Mr King and Mr Cudlipp are prepared to get to work on turning *Everybodys* into a paper of really lively information with exclusive magazine news coverage of exciting and significant affairs at home and abroad, with personality, personalities and controversial opinions – a magazine that takes over where the television programmes leave off – some at any rate of that lost army of readers may yet be recovered.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Freedom in Their Lifetime

IF the prosecution in South Africa's treason trial has its way, 'Freedom in Our Lifetime!', the slogan of the Congress movement, may yet become a password to the gallows. For, in the new indictment which the defence seems bound to challenge when the marathon proceedings re-open in Pretoria on Monday, it is no longer alleged that the demands of the Congress Freedom Charter are in themselves treasonable. Instead, the Crown now maintains that the achievement of Congress goals, such as universal adult suffrage *in the lifetime* of the accused, would necessarily require the violent overthrow of the present South African state. This the accused are alleged to have realised, and thus for them to work for freedom in their lifetime constitutes high treason. This question of violence has finally become the pivotal point of the case. There are no longer any alternative charges under the notoriously wide Suppression of Communism Act, though the accused, reduced for the present to 30, are still alleged to have propagated Marxist-Leninist doctrines. As in the American Smith Act, these doctrines are now held to mean the establishment of a Communist state *by violence.*

How this third attempt at framing a valid indictment will fare before the same Special Court in which previous Crown efforts foundered remains to be seen. It is, however, safe to assume that the fate of the 'chosen' 30 accused will decide



that of the remaining 'hostage' 61; for, with the same judges sitting, the trial of the second group cannot even begin until that of the first is concluded. Neither lawyers nor political commentators have so far been able to discern any pattern in the composition of the first group, and it is clear that the defence is still confronted with all the difficulties of a mass trial. Since the Union's criminal law, following the British model, presumes the innocence of the individual, the joint defence of 30 accused presents similar difficulties to that of 91.

This mass aspect of the treason trial is highly significant, for in this respect these much publicised proceedings are only the most glaring example of an increasingly common procedure. Unremarked by press and politicians alike, South Africa has, during the 25 months since the original treason arrests, become a country in which mass trials are far from abnormal.

Even as the treason trial ended its second year with the serving of new indictments last November, 204 Bapedi tribesmen from rural Sekhukhuniland were lodged in jail awaiting trial for murder and public violence. Most of their tribe, under their hereditary chief, had opposed Dr Verwoerd's attempt to set up a puppet Bantu authority over them. The punitive deposition of the chief, followed by other government sanctions, led to a bloody conflict in which heavily armed police sealed off the whole area and backed a minority of collaborationist headmen. Mass arrests in May of last year led to a preparatory examination of 257 Bapedi in August, at the end of which, five months after their arrest, 53 were discharged. Thirty-five of the remainder are to be tried some time this year for public violence, and the remaining 169 for murder; but, as not even the 35 can raise bail money, all remain in jail.

This, in essence, is also the story of the Baphurutse tribesmen of Zeerust, some 100 of whom were arrested in December 1957. Their subsequent trial in groups of varying size has been staggered, and it was only last November, 11 months after the first arrests, that the case of the final 44 was decided: ten were acquitted. To them, as to the Bapedi, the legal outcome of their trial must now seem almost irrelevant. For who, as the long months dragged on, ploughed their fields? And who has looked after their families, many of whom have fled in terror to British Bechuanaland?

Now it may, of course, be that mass trials result from the incompetence which the police have demonstrated so amply during the treason trial. On the one hand, proper criminal investigations, which should lead to the indictment only of suspected ringleaders, are necessarily arduous and lengthy. On the other, it is so much easier to arrest all and sundry and then to let the courts sort out degrees, if any, of both participation and guilt. If, as in the treason trial, it takes a full year of preparatory examination to find that there is not even a *prima facie* case against 65 accused, the government is in any case not obliged to compensate the innocent. Nor need it provide free defence save when the accused are committed for trial on a charge which could bring capital punishment. At the same time, the difficulties of providing privately any sort of individual defence at collective preparatory examinations, or at trials on non-capital charges, are appalling. The courts may sit in remote rural areas, the mostly illiterate tribesmen are very poor, and lawyers are reluctant to get involved in proceedings which are bound to take weeks, if not months.

All this is, of course, realised by the authorities. But what Nationalist Cabinet ministers understand even more clearly is the intimidation felt by ordinary people on seeing mass arrests followed by mass trials. If mere attendance at protest meetings has led one's friends into a year-long legal ordeal, one is likely to hesitate before ever attending another protest meeting. Once this desire to intimidate ordinary people is understood, the pattern of other recent mass trials becomes clearer. It helps to explain why so many obscure, rank-and-file members of the African National Congress were caught in the drag-net of the treason trial. It may also explain why, although those who called for last April's abortive stay-at-home election protest were known to the political police, most of the 22 men and women who were actually tried for inciting Africans to strike were humble, unknown people. It explains, too, the mass trials which have in recent years followed non-white strikes throughout the country. And it also explains why, in last November's anti-pass demonstrations in Johannesburg, it was found necessary to stage trials of up to 350 African women instead of charging only their leaders.

The Congress leadership in South Africa seems committed to the reality of a lawful struggle despite, or perhaps because of, the country's heavy burden of repressive legislation. By contrast, the Nationalists, who have maintained an appearance of legality in enforcing this legislation, are now trying to use the 'due processes of law' to intimidate the ordinary men and women without whose support opposition to white supremacy must flounder.

JAMES FAIRBAIRN

Johannesburg

Shall We Help Mr Gaitskell?

IT is no secret that many young people on the left are uncertain about the part they should play in the coming election. Should they stay on the sidelines, casting their vote for Labour, of course, but taking no active part in the campaign? Or must they throw the whole weight of their enthusiasm behind a party whose leadership and policies fill them with disquiet? The answer may prove crucial. As things stand, with a buoyant pound (whose weakness, increased by convertibility, is unlikely to be revealed before the summer), with an upturn of employment in the spring, and with a tax-relief budget, a May election will probably return a Tory majority. Barring an unforeseen national catastrophe, only a total mobilisation of Labour's resources is likely to sweep Mr Gaitskell to Downing Street; and without the drive and leadership which only young, educated idealists can supply, this mobilisation will not take place. Haig put the blame for his failure at Passchendaele on the poor quality of his subalterns; he forgot he had killed off all the good ones on the Somme. Mr Gaitskell, in his illusory pursuit of the floating voter, is in similar danger of finding himself without any cadres.

The arguments for contracting out should be stated fully and frankly. First, it is difficult for anyone who feels strongly about politics – but who is not at the same time a professional – to work wholeheartedly for a party whose image is one of such blatant opportunism. In the last two years, Mr Gaitskell has successfully accomplished the Bowdlerisation of the party programme. With few exceptions, specific commitments have been ruthlessly excised from the policy documents, the process being completed with *The Future Labour Offers You*, in which the remaining detailed promises were submerged in *Daily Mirror* prose. Mr Gaitskell asked for, and was given, a blank cheque for his Cabinet. Much therefore depends on our estimate of the probity of its members.

The Labour Cabinet would consist of two groups: congenital right-wingers, whose minds lie outside the main stream of Labour thinking; and retired progressives, who felt themselves obliged to modify their earlier intransigence in the interests of party unity. Some sort of bargain, of course, had to be struck; but it is generally agreed that the radicals sold themselves too cheaply, and that the extremists of the right made only nominal concessions. Moreover, there are no weighty men of the centre. The new combination, therefore, does not inspire confidence; nor does its record in opposition. Reassuring the middle-class voter has seemed the main object of its parliamentary strategy, and its tactics have, all too frequently, been devoted to vote-catching – and painfully unsuccessful – stunts, which have sometimes had a disingenuous flavour. There have been times (the OHMS envelope episode was one) when the Shadow Cabinet has resembled not so much an alternative government as a gang of conspirators, anxiously looking for an easy bank to rob – and failing to find one. The Leader himself is a man of commendable energy; but an undue proportion of it seems to be employed in settling unimportant details. He lacks the capacity to delegate responsibility which has made Mr Macmillan such a conspicuous success as a manager of ministers. And this itself, I fear, springs from his unwillingness to trust the instincts of the movement.

Hence, those who tried to keep the party's conscience have been savagely accused of losing it votes. When Mr Greenwood reminded readers of *The Times* that Labour was pledged to the 'municipalisation' of rented houses, he was coldly rebuked by Mr Gaitskell. When Mrs Castle denounced excesses by our troops in Cyprus, she was brutally repudiated; and though a court verdict has since abundantly justified her remarks, I have not heard that Mr Gaitskell has offered her any apology, public or private.

These sad reflections – and the minatory example of M. Mollet's Socialists – might lead to the conclusion that a narrow electoral victory, which is all the party can expect, could be disastrous for its long-term interests. The country, it can plausibly be argued, is clearly not yet ready for a further leap forward in social reform. If Labour loses the election, it is said, the Gaitskell mentality would be replaced by a more radical mood, and the party could then be re-created in opposition ready for the time when opinion once more favours drastic change. This argument is debatable; but it might seem attractive if it could provide a satisfactory answer to the question: what is to happen in the meantime? Would the speculative advantages of a reinvigorated Labour Party, returned to office in, say, 1963, outweigh the certain disadvantages of five more years of Tory rule?

To answer this we must examine the degree to which Labour policy would differ from Conservative, if the party is returned this year. In the field of economic policy, the margin would be slender. The party programme does not provide for major structural changes in the economy. Its leaders merely claim that they can run the present system more efficiently than the Tories, by a policy of expansion based on high investment. But they have not explained how they would accomplish this without risking another balance of payments crisis. Two weeks ago, Mr Wilson in this journal argued that convertibility would increase the risks and severity of such a crisis; but his leader has since admitted that he could not revoke the government's decision. With sterling thus more vulnerable than ever, America and West Germany will exercise an increasing influence over our economic policy, and the area in which Labour would be able to take independent decisions will correspondingly diminish.

Such a government might well face an exchange crisis in its first few weeks. It would then have to choose between a return to austerity or more deflation, either of which could lead to a crisis election and defeat on the scale of 1931. To put it crudely: if a country is placed in pawn to international bankers, it either has to be taken out of pawn, or administered by people whom the bankers find acceptable. Unless they are prepared to embark on structural changes, Socialists are not the men to run a free enterprise trading system based on an anæmic currency.

In the field of international affairs, Labour's freedom of action would be less limited; but the alternatives which were open to it in 1945 no longer exist. It is true that the foreign policy document, as it stands, makes major concessions to the Left; but they are based on a misconception of the leverage Britain can exert on the policies of the West. We are a visibly declining power, strapped in the strait-jacket of the Atlantic alliance. Mr Bevan would doubtless act as a restraining influence on Washington; but the job can perhaps be done more effectively by Mr Macmillan, a man whom the Americans like and trust. In some marginal theatres – China's entry to the UN and Anglo-Arab relations – Mr Bevan might be able to secure tactical changes in British policy; but such is the inertia of the Foreign Office, that he and his colleagues will have to be quite clear in their minds, before they take over, exactly what they intend to do, and to be ruthless in doing it, if even these minor battles are to be won. But clarity and ruthlessness are not qualities one associates with the present Shadow Cabinet.

As for the broader sphere of East-West relations, the image of Britain acting as intermediary between the two blocs, is, of course, pure illusion. The British deterrent, even supposing that Labour finds the money to maintain it, does not convince anyone in Moscow: Mr Bevan will not go naked into the council chamber, but he will be wearing little more than a transparent negligée. Moreover, any independent action by Britain would invoke savage economic reprisals by our Atlantic allies. There is no evidence, in any case, that Mr Gaitskell would permit such a course. Disengagement is the only significant issue on which he differs from the Tories, and it is one in which unilateral British action is, by its very nature, impracticable; moreover, he has already publicly stated that he will not persist in such a policy if the US objects. It emerged quite clearly from Mr Nixon's statements on BBC 'Press Conference' that Washington will not hesitate to use this veto.

There remains, however, one sphere in which Britain is still largely sovereign: colonial policy. During the next five years, the British government will be confronted with a series of momentous decisions in this field, which cannot be postponed, and where the alternatives are sharply conflicting. I am not referring to Cyprus or Malta, which are artificial problems, created by Tory imperialist nostalgia, but to East and Central Africa, where there is a genuine conflict of racial interests which Britain must arbitrate. So far, no nation has solved the problem of a mixed society; and Labour's policy, though a brave theoretical attempt to outline a solution, offers no guarantee that a Labour government would, in practice, possess either the will to impose constitutional change on the settler minorities, or the authority to guide the emergent African parties into the compromises which will be essential if the plural concept is to become reality. Here again, the ambivalence of the party leaders in opposition does not inspire confidence; and their policy in office would depend largely on the pressure exerted by radical back-benchers.

On the other hand – and this is the crux of the entire argument – we can be virtually certain that a Tory government, if re-elected, would arbitrate decisively on the side of the settlers. The consequences, to Britain and to the world, would be catastrophic. In the last ten years, first the Far East and then the Near East have secured independence, largely in the face of western opposition. As a result, even non-Communist Asia is so obsessed by anti-colonialism that it has developed an inherent and emotional antipathy to the free societies of the West. In Africa, a similar revolution is at last beginning. Its pace is likely to increase dramatically in the next five years, but there is still time to avoid the mistakes we made in Asia.

Here Britain's role will be paramount. If the principle of white supremacy is confirmed in British Africa, a few years of rising tension will be gained at the ultimate cost of losing the entire continent. But if Britain insists on the progressive participation of Africans in government, thus deflecting them from violence, there is a chance that disaster will be avoided. For this reason – if for this reason alone – it is vital that Labour should be returned to office. We must all therefore cast aside our hesitations and join in the fight. Indeed, the more effectively we do so, the more likely the government we help to elect will possess the will to ensure that the last chance in Africa is not missed.

PAUL JOHNSON

London Diary

I REMEMBER talking to an American friend when cold war hysteria and McCarthyism were at their worst. 'Don't worry too much,' he said. 'One day there will be a reaction against the whole dreary business. In fact, we may overdo it, because we never do things by halves.' Something of this kind seems to have happened to the businessmen who cheer Mikoyan. Not so long ago, the millionaire Cyrus Eaton was an outcast because he went on visits to Russia and promoted the Pugwash conferences where scientists from East and West could get together to talk about the dangers of nuclear arms. Now he is being elbowed aside by top executives who want to ask Mikoyan when their corporations can open branch offices in Moscow. It is a strange picture. No doubt some tycoons—especially those whose share of the arms budget dwindles as America switches from tanks to missiles—are looking for markets. There are also such stalwart capitalists as Charles Wilson and George Humphreys, who have persuaded Eisenhower that a balanced budget is better for the US than unlimited arms spending. Though they are no longer in the Cabinet, their influence remains—much to the chagrin of the worried Alsop brothers, who believe that Russia can only be stopped from launching a Pearl Harbour by unlimited expenditure on rockets and radar. But crude economic reasons do not explain why Mikoyan should have been given the glad hand. His visit seems to have tapped a gusher of public opinion which has had enough of the Dulles policy. Recent polls have shown that the American public is ready to make an agreement about nuclear tests, to begin talking sense about China, and to try less risky forms of competitive coexistence than rocket-building.

* * *

This week *Panorama* was devoted to a survey of the situation in China. I hope that some of my correspondents saw this programme. Photographs from the communes effectively answered a correspondent who laughed at what he thought R. H. S. Crossman's naivete in thinking that villagers could be improvising blast furnaces and dams and making roller bearings with their own hands. Other correspondents roundly deny that 'intellectuals' are being persecuted. I would refer them to Mr Crossman's article in our current issue; also to recent speeches of Chinese leaders explaining just how intellectuals – and not only enemies of the regime – are being 'rectified'. How difficult people find it to keep two ideas in the mind at the same time! Apparently you have to be pro- or anti-Chinese just as you were once pro- or anti-Soviet. If you are pro, you declare that all the charges of indoctrination, persecution and liquidation are lies. When a 20th Congress comes and the party admits their truth and describes the terrible damage they did, the Communists and fellow-travellers simply fall on their faces. On the other side, Russia, and now China, are declared to be backward countries, completely unable to achieve the technical advances in the capitalist world; when Sputniks and Luniks go up, it is these people's turn to fall on their faces. The truth is that China is advancing technically by popular national effort at a staggering pace and that the price of this vast reconstruction is a terrifying imposition of uniformity and loss of intellectual liberty and, most of all, of integrity.

* * *

I hope that none of the distinguished scientists who are due to take part in the first European congress of a campaign for nuclear disarmament will be prevented from coming to this country this weekend; if they are, we are assured by the Home Office, it will not be because of official interference, but because of fog. The opening public meeting will be held in St Pancras Town Hall on this Friday evening at 7.30. It will be addressed by Swedish, Austrian, German and French scientists, as well as by J. B. Priestley, John Horner (Fire Brigades Union), the Bishop of Llandaff and Dr Antoinette Pirie. Saturday will be devoted to information about the Pugwash conferences and to forming a European charter and an organisation. On Sunday morning Canon Collins will be preaching on the nuclear issue in St Paul's Cathedral and about 70 of the delegates, including 20 from Britain, will fly to Frankfurt to speak in the evening at a mass demonstration in St Paul's Kirche, at the invitation of the Oberbürgomeister.

* * *

There has been no complaint from the Swaffham demonstrators that the police behaved with anything less than courtesy in the manner of their arrests. But I hear an odd story from Mr C. A. Seares, whose wife was one of those who refused to sign the undertaking required by the court. Last Friday she was arrested by the Greenwich police. When Mr Seares returned from work he found a note from his wife saying that she had been taken away. For 24 hours he waited to receive some notification from the police telling him where his wife had been taken. On Saturday afternoon he telephoned Greenwich police station, and he was told the police could give him no information. He was referred to the local magistrate's court, and was advised to telephone Holloway Prison, which was 'a likely place'. An official at Holloway refused to give any answer Two days later, the local secretary of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament telephoned Greenwich police station and was told where Mrs Sears was detained. But Mr Sears has still not received any official notice: the first word he had from his wife was a letter received five days after she was detained.

* * *

Because it contains some characteristically sharp comments by Earl Attlee about politicians, the current issue of *The Political Quarterly* has jumped into prominence in the Beaverbrook press. There are other reasons for commenting on it. *The Political Quarterly* was founded in 1930; W. A. Robson and Leonard Woolf became co-editors. All the pundits pooh-poohed the venture. Mrs Sidney Webb said that we could never get the necessary money. Actually, people like Lord Simon were ready to help and Robson coaxed £1,000 out of G.B.S. We were very naturally told that the day when the political thinking of England was done in monthlies and quarterlies had passed; the celebrated *Edinburgh Review*, after more than a century, actually died in the same year that the PQ was started. And yet the PQ has survived and no longer needs a subsidy. It stands on its own feet, occupying admittedly a small area of political territory, but holding it effectively and influentially. Much of its recent success has been due to its policy of devoting whole issues to one special topic. The current issue contains surveys from a number of different angles of British attitudes to politics in 1959. With this issue Leonard Woolf retires from the co-editorship, though he will carry on as literary editor. His place has now been taken by T. E. M. McKitterick.

* * *

Probably, if left to themselves, the cricket correspondents who are now following the MCC tour in Australia would prefer to confine their writing to cricket. But after the publication last year of Mr Denis Compton's 'bedroom memoirs', which purported to reveal what had happened off the field on the previous tour, they have been under some pressure to cable stories which would titivate readers not particularly interested in cricket. Hence the spate of gossip about the amount of time Mr Peter May, the England captain, is devoting to his fiancée, to the alleged dissipation of certain players or to the supposed high-handedness of the team manager. It's safer and more honest just to stick to the comment of a North of England commentator who said that 'the matter with the English team is their bloody batting'. But how can that satisfy a reporter whose instructions are to be under every bed in the team's hotel?

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

In view of the great expense and difficulty involved in firing rockets at the moon, I suggest that future attempts should be made when the moon is full. There would be a better chance of hitting this larger target than hitting the thin crescent present at the time of the latest Russian attempt.—Letter in *Glasgow Herald*. (Wm. Brown.)

Compensation for ticket collectors assaulted by London Tube travellers has been demanded by the National Union of Railwaymen. A union official said yesterday: 'There are no agreed arrangements for payment of wages to staff incapacitated after being assaulted'.—*Daily Mirror*. (ABC.)

Read about the Queen in her role as a housewife – a housewife who watches every penny . . . a housewife who constantly 'makes-do' and who helps Prince Philip shift the furniture around.

Read how every sheet in the Castle, including those on the Queen's own bed, are turned 'sides-to-middle' to make them last longer. . . . – Advert in the *Star* for *Sunday Pictorial* series. (D. N. Donaldson.)

A hard-of-hearing pet dog has been fitted with a deaf aid by a Mayfair firm, which chose one of the latest models containing battery and microphone in a box only 1½in. long. – *The Times*. (Frances Collins.)

G. D. H. Cole

DOUGLAS COLE was a secular saint. When I knew him in my undergraduate days he was a fiery comet of a saint, full of invention, biting wit and a passion – which never left him – to abolish capitalism and establish the Co-operative Commonwealth. He was converted to this passionate and consuming faith by Morris's *News From Nowhere*. The photograph we publish recalls the romantic Douglas I first knew.

Cole was the chief begetter of the Guild Socialism which first made its appearance in Orage's *New Age* before 1914. As a theory it swept the Socialist board in the post-war years. It was a revolt against the Leviathan state, a revolt in which people as far apart as G. K. Chesterton, Sir Henry Slesser and Maurice Reckitt, on one side, could collaborate, at least spasmodically and momentarily, with left-wingers like Mellor and Ellen Wilkinson who were inspired by the Russia of 1917 and saw the trade unions as instruments of revolution. Cole revolted against the Webbs; their state Socialism seemed to him bureaucratic and anti-libertarian. In a succession of books and a flood of articles and speeches he propounded a social theory, the basis of which was 'workers' control'; we were all, from miners to housewives, to be organised according to our function in society. Whether this doctrine was to have more than academic significance depended on the response of trade union leaders, many of whom at that time were in a more revolutionary mood than any other period in English history. The collapse of the general strike, which Cole certainly thought of as a cruel betrayal by the political leaders, ended this epoch.

Radio Times Hulton Picture Library

Cole began as an academic philosopher but early turned his attention to economics. He became, in due course, Fellow of Magdalen, New College and All Souls, Reader in Economics, Chichele Professor of Social and Political Theory, and finally Fellow of Nuffield College. During these 40 years at Oxford his literary output was colossal. I doubt if any author since Voltaire has written so many books. There is not a shoddy one amongst them. But only a very few of them have more memorable qualities. Usually he was too facile, too dependent on a methodical filing system, to write books that would last except for reference. He told me that he decided very early that in writing he would aim only at lucidity, logic and accuracy. Only in a very few of his books was imagination let loose or passion allowed to spur his pen.

His first book, *The World of Labour*, broke new ground. One or two of his historical books, notably his *Life of Cobbett*, read as if they were written from the heart, but his many studies of social history and economic and political theory lack colour and emphasis. As one of his students remarked to me, you could read them without ever 'finding your hat caught on a branch'. In addition to this vast output as a writer of books, he was an unflagging journalist, who wrote for this journal notes or articles, with seldom a break, every week for 40 years. I have hardly ever known him make a factual mistake and occasionally he set the Thames on fire. Many people will remember the sensation created by an article he wrote in this journal on the Korean War.

Once, when I accused him of verbal diarrhœa, he said his writing was a function of his diabetes. For during many years Cole was at least in part an invalid. He seldom went abroad; he always declared that he hated both holidays and foreign countries. He allowed himself less and less relaxation. In his young days during a boring speech he would write comic verses about the lecturer and pass them to me. Some of his Socialist verses – a few of which were good – were published in the *Bolo Book* which has been the song book of many summer schools. At one period his means of relaxation was to write successful detective stories in collaboration with his wife.

In Oxford during the last 30 years he has been increasingly revered. His pupils, inspired by his single-minded integrity, are to be found in every part of the world. His economic discussion class became famous. He was for many years the popular Chairman of the Fabian Society, but, as a politician, he was always in the back room. He was without personal ambition, never seemed to mind whether people praised or criticised his books, was never diverted by a hair's breadth by criticism.

For many years now he has lacked hope that the dreams of his youth would be achieved. But he has never lost his early belief that they could be achieved, nor has he changed his faith in decentralised democratic Socialism. Only two years ago, as a result of two articles in this journal, he founded a society which is known as the ISSS (International Society for Socialist Studies) composed of members from many different countries who have bowed the knee neither to Stalin nor to any current brands of national Socialism.

His relation with this journal has been intimate and continuous. He became a director of the paper in 1947, chairman of the board in 1956. Of the personal loss to everyone in Great Turnstile, of his friendship and always ready collaboration, I do not yet desire to say anything.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Bliss Was It in That Dawn

'BEFORE our discussion I wish to make a short introductory statement. Our university is dedicated to teaching Socialism and the correct attitude to manual labour. For this purpose we accept the absolute leadership of the Communist Party, right down to faculty level. This does not exclude complete freedom of academic discussion.' I noted the words down while the Vice-President of Wuhan University was speaking. But anyway they would have stuck in my mind. For they sum up, with characteristically harsh precision, the Chinese Communist attitude to the intelligentsia. Manual labour is the preventive medicine which every intellectual, official and administrator must take, at least once a week, as a cure for incipient revisionism. And, if preventive medicine fails and rectification is required, the same medicine is applied in ever longer doses, until the intellectual at least becomes a worker and his individual opinions are merged in the Mass Line.

The first inkling I obtained of the extremes to which the Communists are now proceeding in their onslaught on bourgeois freedom of thought was a reply I received at a dinner given in my honour soon after I arrived in Peking. In order to break a conversational deadlock about Hungary, I observed to my neighbour that the success of the Americans in winning over such a large element of the Hungarian people to their 'aggressive' designs must surely connote some failure on the part of the Hungarian government. At this point the whole table fell silent, and a young party functionary replied. 'I will give you the answer,' he said grimly. 'First, the Hungarian government were too lenient to counter-revolutionaries. They should have been merciless, and they were not. Secondly, the Hungarian government failed in the task of re-educating the intellectuals. Rectification is what they required, and it was not done thoroughly. Thirdly, the sheer existence of the Petofi Club is an insult to Communism. It should have been liquidated totally. Fourthly, and lastly, there was nothing wrong with the *policy* of the Hungarian Communists. Their failures were administrative.'

I spent two afternoons, the first in Peking University and the second in Wuhan University, trying to discover exactly how re-education and rectification are actually carried out. In both cases I was received, as I had requested, by the Vice-President, in company with the heads of the Philosophy and Economics Faculties. In Peking, where I had my first discussion, the Professor of Law was also present, and there was a great deal of to-ing and fro-ing because next door the professors were in session, discussing the syllabus for the new term, which was due to open in just five days. It was explained to me that the first reorganisation of the syllabus had taken place in 1952, when it was decided to introduce the complete Russian system. In the case of engineering, to take one example, this system provided three things – a sound theoretical training, including Marxist theory; shop experience; and specialised research. In the first four years there were normally 28 hours of lectures a week, but the lectures were reduced in the fifth year when the thesis was written. On graduation, it was reckoned, any student should be capable of entering either research, teaching or a practical engineering job.

'Now in 1958,' I was told by the Vice-President, 'comes the second leap forward. This time we shall wipe out the difference between workers and intellectuals.' There was still complete confusion about the curriculum to be followed in the term just commencing, but I gathered that lectures would be cut from 28 to 20 a week and a number of the compulsory specialist courses eliminated. In addition, each of the annual courses on Marxism was to be radically revised 'because the students had not reacted well'. Next it was the turn of the Professor of Philosophy to tell me of the changes which *his* faculty had agreed on. The Soviet system, taken over in 1952, required that students should take courses on the history of Chinese philosophy, the history of philosophy, logic, mathematical logic, psychology, two social sciences selected from law, economics and history, and two foreign languages, including Russian. In addition, there was a course in political Marxism each year.

I was not surprised to hear that all this had been found to be a grievous burden and that many of the courses were now to be omitted. Then the Professor added quietly, 'I have also decided to take all the first-year students away to live for 12 months in a People's Commune.'

'And how will they learn philosophy?' I asked.

'In their spare time,' he said, 'after they have finished their work with the peasants.'

The Professor of Law had found a different solution. He had set up a factory in his faculty compound in order to cover the requirement for a weekly stint of manual labour. Now he proposed to cut out many of the law courses. 'For example,' he said, 'I shall no longer teach the law of property, since in a few years this will be irrelevant in China, when we have achieved full Socialism.'

'But what will happen,' I asked, 'when the Chinese have surpassed Britain and the workers have such personal property as houses and motorcars?'

'There is no need for law to deal with the kind of property which people will have under Socialism,' was his reply.

At first I believed that these professors had been exaggerating the new anti-intellectual bias. But it was fully confirmed when I reached Wuhan. I spent one afternoon at the new iron and steel works, whose new 220-feet-high furnace was just being fired, while some 20,000 workers – stripped to the waist and each with his two little baskets for carrying earth – were employed clearing the site for the new strip mill. The manager, who took charge of me, remarked that he himself was now doing one day a week of manual labour, like everybody else, and added that many of the half-naked labourers I saw were really officials from government offices.

I did not realise the full implication of this remark until next morning, when I motored out of the city on the other side through an exquisite landscape of conical hills, rice paddies and lakes. Alongside the lakes stood the magnificent new university buildings – 15 institutes of higher learning, all but one constructed in the last ten years and all provided with fine hostels, in which the students reside. 'What a contrast,' I said to my guide, 'between the squalor of the workers' hutments round the iron works and the beauty of this university area! How can you justify it?'

'Quite simply,' he said. 'We make sure that everybody here works over *there*, and any professor or student who needs rectification is encouraged to volunteer for three or four weeks of unskilled labour in the steel works.'

That evening, in the University, I wanted to continue discussing the new syllabus, but my hosts would have none of it. They were determined to talk to me about revisionism and rectification. Here is part of our conversation, as I took it down at the time.

CROSSMAN: 'You say that you have freedom of discussion. Does this mean freedom within the party line?'

ANSWER: 'No, it means more than that. We are quite free, for instance, to discuss how much manual labour is a good thing in our university courses. Of course, no one can teach anti-Communism but we teach idealist philosophy in order to combat it'.

CROSSMAN: 'Could anyone lecture favourably on Titoism?'

ANSWER: 'We seek to eradicate revisionism, but it still exists and we criticise those professors who show a tendency to it'.

CROSSMAN: 'But they do not actually teach it?'

ANSWER: 'No, indeed! Rectification has removed all overt revisionism, but the unreconstructed bourgeois will always show a tendency to lapse'.

CROSSMAN: 'I am a bourgeois and I do not feel this tendency. Why do you say a revisionist is akin to me?'

ANSWER: 'Revisionism is a doctrine which, though cloaked with Marxism, aims at corrupting working-class ideology'.

CROSSMAN: 'But why bourgeois? Tito is not a bourgeois'.

ANSWER: 'The revisionists say it is unnecessary to rely on the leadership of the Communist Party in building Socialism. This, of course, would mean reverting to a bourgeois regime. Although there is a Communist Party in Yugoslavia, it is only in name'.

CROSSMAN: 'But the Chinese bourgeoisie and Chinese revisionism must have been liquidated?'

ANSWER: 'Not altogether. Moreover, some branches of our economy are weak, and it is always for the same reason – the absence of strong Communist leadership'.

CROSSMAN: 'Can you give me an example?'

At this moment the young Economics Professor jumped into the conversation. 'I can give one, and in our own faculty. We have been running a lime-kiln for manual labour and, because our party cadre was busy elsewhere, the kiln was neglected. So there was no production – thanks to bourgeois revisionist influence. As soon as the party discovered what was wrong, production was put right within three days. That shows you what harm revisionism does and also that its cure is a strong Communist leadership'.

CROSSMAN: 'That is a most valuable example. Can you give me another?'

At this point the Professor of Philosophy saw danger and intervened: 'I will list to you the heresies of Yugoslav revisionism (1) It has given up economic independence by begging for American aid. (2) It denies the existence of the two camps. (3) It advocates the elimination of state

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NEXT WEEK

Holiday Travel

A special supplement including articles by
KINGSLEY MARTIN: *'The Going is Good'*;
CLAUD COCKBURN: *'Phagomania and Fish'*;
JOHN RAYMOND *on Hellenic Travel; and*
ANTHONY CARSON: *'Off the Map'*

Preparing for the 21st Congress

by ISAAC DEUTSCHER

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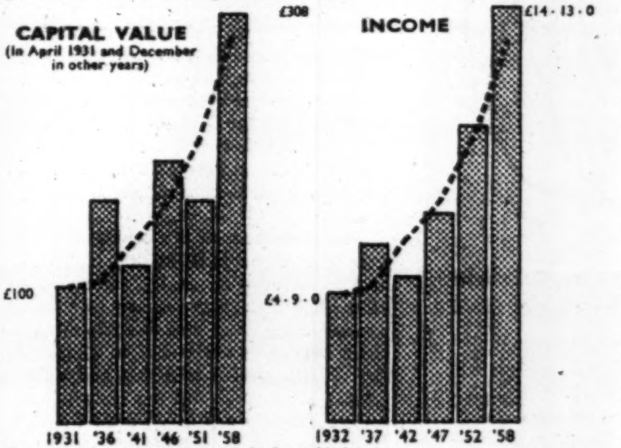

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power, which could only help imperialism. (4) It regards state capitalism as a transition to Socialism, thus denying Marxist principles'.

Crossman: 'But why are you so concerned about the ideology of a small Balkan state?'

Answer: 'We criticise it because, through Yugoslavia, the Americans are trying to disrupt the Socialist camp'.

Crossman: 'The great Russia, the great China, disrupted by poor little Yugoslavia?'

Answer: 'Tito himself has said his doctrine is valid not only for Yugoslavia but for the whole world. We must uphold the revolution'.

Crossman: 'But surely the main enemy is nearer home. I would not be wrong to assume that these four Yugoslav heresies are current in anti-party circles here in China?'

At this there was a two-minute discussion among my hosts, after which the Vice-President said: 'That is formal logic. But we agree Yugoslav revisionism produces an illusion in other Socialist countries, and that is why we have to deal with it'.

Crossman: 'All right. Let us take the first heresy you mentioned – begging for western aid. Was it a crime for the Poles to beg for western aid? Were they revisionists because they did this?'

Answer: 'We know little about Poland'.

Crossman: 'But you tell me you have been to Poland and not to Yugoslavia'.

Answer: 'We can say nothing about Poland'.

At this point my translator interjected, 'You see these gentlemen do not want to discuss this subject. Do not press them or they will break off the talk'.

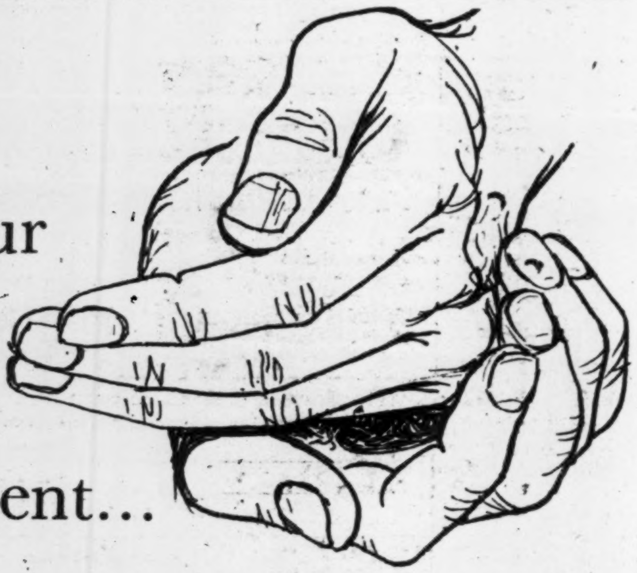
'I insist that you put the question to them,' I said; and got the reply from the Vice-President, 'I have told you already that we are not prepared to discuss Poland with you. Goodnight, Mr Crossman, and goodbye'.

Next day I returned from Wuhan to Peking in time for an evening party which the most distinguished translator from English had promised to arrange for me. We had met at the Indian embassy, and I had complained that so far I had not had a chance of talking informally to Chinese intellectuals. 'But I arranged a party for Kingsley Martin when he was here three years ago,' my friend had replied. 'Let me do the same for you. You shall experience a really free discussion.' When I arrived at my friend's spacious house that evening, I found myself dining alone with him, his wife and his 16-year-old son, who had just begun to learn how to use a machine-gun and who lectured me about the American paper tiger. After dinner, when the boy had gone to bed, he observed, 'Everyone is very busy and very tired these days. I did persuade one of our intellectuals to dine with us, but he called off just before you arrived'.

Later that night I was driving home with the public relations officer whose job it was to organise my visit. The emancipated peasant leader, I thought, may well feel self-confident as he shows the foreigner his People's Commune. But the intellectual in the big city – suspect, spied on and subject to continuous 'rectification' – can hardly be blamed for avoiding contact with a western bourgeois like myself. By this time we had reached my hotel. 'See you tomorrow!' I said to my bright little companion as I stepped out of the car.

'Oh no,' he replied, 'it is my day for street sweeping.'

R. H. S. Crossman



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[NCT 1068]

Brave New World

Seascale is a tiny windswept township stuck bleakly on the Cumberland coast. Its few scattered shops shiver in the icy November blasts that sweep across the Irish Sea. Its railway station is hardly more than a coastal halt and its roads are still conditioned to the pattern of country lanes. One can easily understand why the mainstream of social and industrial development passed hastily by this lonely stretch of low land which lies between the Jakeland hills and the sea. But now its unimpressive days seem to be over. Seascale is Tomorrow, just as Leeds, Barnsley and Manchester are Yesterday. We live in a new age, when the phials of energy which drive our civilisation come not from boiler houses beneath great, black, belching chimneys surrounded by a shambles of slums. Heat, energy, power – and the fuel for H-bombs – can be made in rural remoteness by stewing strips of uranium. And this is something which is transforming not merely our technical thinking but our social attitudes as well.

This must occur to anyone visiting Seascale today. The town lies by Calder Hall and Windscale. It is their 'social centre'. The two nuclear stations nestle like two abandoned twin giants in an utterly isolated zone just a few miles north of Seascale. For the experts will tell you that only two things are required for a modern nuclear site – water and isolation.

There are no railway sidings close by; no pile of coal or coke in storage; no good roads for a transport system. All these things are the industrial trappings of the past. They are no longer necessary. And so curious are we all to discover what this Tomorrow will be like, that some 1,500 tourists go to Calder Hall each month (from school parties to foreign princes) to pay homage to the world's first nuclear power station.

Ten years ago, when the scientists first set foot in these wild parts, Seascale had a population of 600. Now, as a result of this chain-reaction business, there are 2,500 people living in one of the most curious communities in Britain. One in every eight of its *total* population is a university graduate with nuclear statistics at his finger tips. Not even Aldous Huxley contemplated a higher average than this in *Brave New World*. At present Seascale's most endearing quality is that the sociologists do not seem to have discovered this fact – though one feels that any moment now a group from somebody's social science department will swoop down with notebooks and social-slide-rules to correlate this strange breed. Personally I hope they do, for it would be intriguing to know why the scientists – and atomic ones at that – are producing not merely plutonium but also one of the highest birth-rates of any community in the country.

The importance of this community cannot however be confined to its nuclear or human productive capacities, or to its amenities. Far more interesting is the way the new technocrats behave towards each other and towards the men around them with lesser skills – but on whom they depend for the instrument-watching and other ancillary jobs. Perhaps it is still too early to say. Perhaps any conclusions one might draw from a few hasty samplings of human relations are inevitably misleading. Yet they are, one feels, symptomatic of the trend. The very senior scientist was explaining how Calder Hall worked. Despite Calder's 550 workers, he explained, the installation could, in fact, be controlled by 50 men: the rest are all 'necessary' but not 'vital'. And the senior scientist had an interesting Victorian way of describing his crew: 'About 100 staff, and 450 industrials', he explained carefully.

A real caste distinction is already emerging in the nuclear age between those who watch the flickering dials on instruments and those who really understand what it all means. Each Calder Hall reactor has 2,500 instrument panels to itself. There are four reactors. The workers – industrials that is – wear their white coats, each with its little radiation recording-disc pinned to his lapel (tested at regular periods). Nobody seems at all concerned about radiation risks. All have complete confidence in the scientists, who have never let them down. The scientists, of course, like it that way.

At first Seascale was a town used almost exclusively to house the senior scientists. But this had to break down as more and more industrials came in and the housing problem became acute. Eventually the local pub in Seascale was invaded by ex-miners from Whitehaven (who naturally preferred it to the coalface); engineers and labourers from Tyneside; electricians, instrument makers and policemen from North Lancashire – and still more graduates from Cambridge. The locals, like locals anywhere (and particularly agricultural ones), wavered between resentment and welcome. They have now settled for welcome – except when a reactor breaks out in fire and the local milk is in danger of becoming contaminated.

The locals have sought to help solve the housing shortage by turning seaside boarding houses into flats; while about a thousand houses have been built by the Atomic Energy Authority and the local council. This is barely enough for the existing residents; and, during the next four years of steady expansion at Calder Hall and Windscale, another 700 are expected to arrive in Seascale. The social problems will grow in proportion. Already they are considerable, if only because social development has so vastly outpaced the growth of physical amenities. Seascale, for instance, has only a Primary school. Children going to the nearest Grammar school have 20 miles to travel, while those who fail to make the Grammar school have no Secondary Modern school in the area. So they are compelled to remain at the Primary. It is surprisingly easy, at present, for the atomic age to rub shoulders with 19th-century backwardness. But all is naturally not negative, and the effect of Calder Hall and Windscale has produced a good new technical college at Whitehaven.

Meanwhile habits are forming. The industrials had an interesting problem to resolve about shift working. From the outset they had started the day shift at 6 a.m. – the same time that the day shift starts in the pits. But as more and more workers came in who were not ex-miners, the demand grew for a more conventional start to the day shift; 8 a.m. was the proposal. A ballot was held, and the six o'clockers won the day.

With the scientific staff, the problem of recruitment is still considerable. Salaries, in competition with outside industry, are one problem: the atom men have to accept rigorous civil service pay scales, and they don't like it. But equally there is the question of social isolation, of security and of all the other little problems which go with working on this project. Some scientists admit they chose the job because of the social isolation: they prefer the howling wind along the Cumberland coast to the smell and social necessities of an industrial city. All this complex is woven into the Seascale social fabric. Some go for an occasional pint; others don't bother. Some have TV and look at it; others just have it. Most are lost with their thoughts.

The abiding feeling one gets is that each group knows its place in the scheme of things; each knows its caste if not its class setting; knows just how far it can go without anyone ever having to put up a notice amplifying the duties of 'staff' and 'industrials'. Of course, this is only the transition to the atomic age.

GEOFFREY GOODMAN

Strip and Shake

IT is half-past five, the witching hour when Soho does its nightly Jekyll and Hyde act. The salami shops are taking down their strings of mortadella and knackwurst, men in buff overalls are clanging down warehouse shutters and neat girls hurry from a tailoring factory in gossiping threes and fours. Neon signs flicker into life over garish facades, dark pubs are coming to life, a knot of swarthy waiters, black ties showing from raincoat collars, leaves the 'Cyprus is Turkish' headquarters for duty. And everywhere the Wolfenden ladies take up their well-lit stances.

In a narrow doorway, ablaze with light, three young men in gaberdine raincoats study the nude pin-ups self-consciously. I join them. A small man behind a small café table says: 'It's 7s. 6d. to join the club. You can see the show, but you can't buy any drinks until you've been a member for 48 hours.' The three hesitate. 'A full member can buy you drinks,' says the little man. We all sign the membership forms and find ourselves in the 'club'.

It is a single basement room, about 36 feet by 20, the decor hardboard and paper-flowers. At the back, across the width of the room, stretches a bar. At the other end, on a tiny dais between the artistes' dressing room and the Ladies', is a large juke-box. Joe, the proprietor, a small, dark man with a well-built suit and a Mediterranean accent, packs us into our seats, still wearing our coats. There are about 60 of us in the room and soon only a six-foot patch of floor is left free.

I study my fellow members. Mostly in their late teens and early twenties; mostly clerks, I estimate. Here and there a warehouseman, judging by his hands, and a sprinkling of nattier salesmen. There are also two young Chinese and an Indian wearing his college scarf. All are 'respectable', about a third middle-aged. The younger ones look subdued, expectant, the older men surprisingly at ease.

I notice that most of the middle-aged men show full membership tickets. Who are these habitués? What suburban frustrations and frigidities send them regularly to this unglamorous haunt to liberate their libidoes? Most look almost laughably normal as they read an evening paper or chat about work, the telly and football, no more lecherous than the chap next door. Except two. One, fiftyish, bespectacled, grubby, furtive, is a *graffito*-scribbler if ever I saw one. The other is gaunt, grey and wears the taut, abstracted expression of a religious eccentric. One party of four, merry but not drunk, are obvious northerners, up for a conference, doing the town. For them, I feel, this is simply a bit of swashbuckling to brag about to the lads at the factory.

By now the smoke haze is getting bluer and there is a faint smell of embrocation and damp hair. We are nearly all drinking, mostly light ales at 2s. 6d. a time, although the salesmen are on gin.

A slow handclap breaks out. 'Why are we waiting?' sings a cheery baritone, and the refrain

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Bach
Suite No. 2 in B minor;
Suite No. 3 in D major
THE STUTTGART CHAMBER
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is taken up good-naturedly. Joe hurries from the bar to the dais and dials a tune on the juke-box. The needle sticks and we all laugh. I listen for sounds of frustration, but the audience has relapsed into patience. But as a smouldering blonde hostess saunters, Mae West-like, to the bar, followed by two dozen pairs of eyes, I feel the strong sexual undercurrent.

Joe is at the mike. 'Ladies an' gen'lemens,' he announces, although we are all male except for the three hostesses, drinking with the customers, 'First we have Miss Janette who's gonna give us a strip. The more you applaud the more she'll take off.'

Miss Janette is a lissom, bright-headed blonde with dark-blue eyelids and a pale-blue frock. As the chromium console sings with the voice of Frank Sinatra, she dances a few steps with a professional air, unzips her frock, steps out of it and prances round gracefully in her frothy pale blue underwear. The teen-agers are still serious. The older ones look 'game'.

Smiling provocatively, Miss Janette advances on a young clubman, puts her foot on his knee and invites him to undo her suspender. He grins sheepishly, obliges fumblingly. A white-haired man in a British warm undoes the other one briskly, bows gallantly although he is sitting down. Round and round the tiny floor Miss Janette gyrates, deftly removing her remaining semi-transparent garments. Each time she holds them up with the stylised gesture of a conjurer. Once, for a second, she sits on a bald man's knee and ogles him. He smiles fatuously and tries to put an arm round her, but she is on the floor again.

Now she unzips her brassiere, but coyly hugs it to her as she circles the front row of grinning faces. This must be the 'tease'. Joe dims the lights for a second then switches on a bright beam. Clad only in her G-string, Miss Janette stands in the brilliant spotlight, arms thrown dramatically upwards. For five seconds she poses and the audience, craning forward, claps warmly. The *graffito*-scribbler's face is not a pleasant sight, but there is nothing unwholesome about the young men's expressions as they study Miss Janette's trim figure. Matter-of-factly she gathers up her clothes from a chair and squeezes her way into the dressing room. Everyone relaxes.

Joe is at the mike again. 'Ladies an' gen'lemens, there's no need to leave your seats for drinks – the waiter'll bring it.' About a dozen order more beer.

'Now we have Miss Barbara, who's gonna give us a strip on the tune of St Louis Blues,' says Joe; 'The more applause she gets, the more she'll take off.' The juke-box breaks into song. Everyone sits up again.

Miss Barbara is brunette and buxom and she wears black underwear. But the routine is much the same. So is Miss Annabelle's and Miss Judy's. When Joe announces that Miss Marilyn is gonna give us a strip, a voice calls out 'That'll be a novelty!'

But apparently Joe is aware of the limitations of his medium. . . 'Now Miss Judy's gonna give us a *shake*.' He emphasises the word and winks. There is a ripple of sniggers from the regulars. This time Miss Judy wears only a G-string and two neat red rosettes. She undulates like an Egyptian belly-dancer, but not so expertly. For the first time the audience looks 'warmed up', a few almost orgastic. The elderly man in the British-warm stage-whispers for a light ale; Miss Judy traffic signals the waiter across the floor and laughter breaks the erotic spell.

Miss Marilyn gives us a shake, wearing tassels – which whirl like aeroplane propellors – instead of rosettes; and then Joe announces that the show is over. Almost everyone makes for the stairs, looking at his watch. A bald man says to another middle-aged friend 'We'll make the 7.15 if we hurry.' The bespectacled young student with the travelling bag tells me he came 'just for the fun of it'.

Miss Janette emerges in a demure black frock. Now she looks like someone's sister. Over a gin and lime I ask her how she likes the job. 'I hate every minute of it,' she says calmly, 'but I've got to live.' She is 19 and really a chorus girl, but the closing down of provincial theatres is making it difficult to get work.

'If you want to stay in show-business you've got to strip between the summer shows and pantomime. I couldn't leave the stage – I've been training since I was five and appearing professionally since I was 15. Besides, you only get £6 a week in the chorus and at least you get £10 for stripping. In two weeks I start in pantomime at Dewsbury as choreographer and second principal boy. I get a tenner for that and maybe I'll get a break. I've been studying for years in the hope of getting a break.' Miss Janette's hazel eyes glow with ambition.

I ask if her parents know she strips. She nods. 'Mum says evil lies in the eye of the beholder.' Do the customers ever get fresh? 'Very rarely, but I can look after myself. They're much nicer in the north. They clap you if you dance well – they're very appreciative. Here all they want is for you to get your clothes off as quickly as possible.'

I wish her good luck at Dewsbury. At the door the little man is explaining to two tall young men in raincoats: 'You can't buy drinks until you've been a member for 48 hours. . . '

TOM BAISTOW

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The Arts and Entertainment

A Belief in Uniforms

LET us be clear. The critic in my view can teach very little about painting as such: for that go to museums and studios. What he can do is to try to reveal and describe causes and consequences, and so be a guide to action. He is neither a final judge nor a purveyor of armchair appreciation. A fine passage in a particular work is bound to mean less to him *as a critic* than the story of a life's work. He is a moralist applauding talent turned to maximum human advantage, condemning wasted talent. The harshness of his judgments is not meant to be Olympian but useful; if bad consequences are emphasised, fewer may take the paths that lead to them.

I emphasise this because what I want to say about Louis Corinth's paintings (at the Tate) is harsh – despite his great talent and despite his personal tragedy. Corinth was born in East Prussia in 1858 and died in 1925. In 1911 he had a stroke which left him literally trembling for the rest of his life, and which changed the character of his work. He began as a nineteenth-century pre-impressionist painter producing portraits, landscapes and subject pictures such as *The Temptation of St Anthony*. Later, as a result of seeing Rembrandt, Hals, Manet and the Impressionists, his work became lighter, looser and generally more 'expressive'. After his stroke it became looser still and its mood changed: frenzy taking the place of bravura.

In 1896 he painted himself like a healthy young bullock side by side with a skeleton; in 1901 in a flamboyant black hat, with a gold stud in his dressy shirt and a girl's head on his shoulder; in 1912—after his stroke—like a tragic actor; in 1920 like a proud officer of a defeated army; in 1925 like a patient who knows he will never leave the ward alive. Progressively the face becomes more ravaged, the paint wilder and more emphatic, the touch more masterly. But – and this is what one gradually realises with a shock – the painting becomes no more profound. The content of all of them is equally commonplace. The early portraits are flamboyant or melodramatic because their stories are contrived and theatrical. In the late ones the truth behind them has indeed become dramatic and tragic but the artist can no longer rise to the challenge – he has cried 'Wolf!' too often.

Nor is this just true of the self-portraits. It applies to his late works, and it is on these that his mounting reputation depends. The late landscapes are brilliantly painted, but think of Soutines or Kokoschkas and they seem empty – like 'modern' pictures painted *over* picture postcards. Or compare the very early portrait of Paul Gorge, patiently, carefully painted – a young man's tentatively idealised vision of another young man – with the very late portrait of Georg Brandes, an old man's mask in a wild blizzard. Technically they are as different as an early Rembrandt from a late one. But here has the wildness added anything? Does its strong implication of increased suffering and experience connect with any new discovery or perspective of vision as it does in the late works of Milton or Beethoven or Turner? Unfortunately not: the hand trembles, the mind races, incoherence is avoided, but nothing is added.

I cannot pretend to be able to explain fully the causes of Corinth's failure, but I am certain that they are connected with something made very evident by the exhibition as a whole: his seduction by the rhetorical. In 1909 he wrote about art: 'Egotistical as a goddess, who stands in all her beauty and allows herself to be worshipped by her true purists . . . great art has only one fatherland: heaven ruled by divine power from eternity to eternity.' All his life he appears to have equated such high-sounding abstractions with superficial gestures: or to put it another way—like so many Germans of his time he believed in uniforms. He admired Rembrandt and so he painted himself in a Rembrandt hat. He admired Hals and so he made a virtue of being seen leading a wild life. He liked women so he painted their skin like satin. He respected courage and patriotism and so in 1917 he painted a strutting Black Hussar who might have been used as a recruiting poster. He strove after dignity and so he painted his children in poses like Junkers. He saw *through* nothing. And if all this seems too literary, the same is true of his styles as a painter. First, he was an impressionist in manner and yet never understood the relationship between colour and light. Later he was an expressionist in manner and yet never got beyond the brush strokes to charge the forms themselves with expression—as, for instance, Manet did. And so, finally, when all the gestures and manners and masks failed him, when he was reduced to the desperate state of the Rembrandt and the Hals he admired so much, and he turned to his high-sounding abstractions, they also failed him. All was empty. The hand trembled, the mind raced, incoherence was avoided, but nothing could be added.

JOHN BERGER

The Army Again

TEN minutes after Mr Willis Hall's play *The Long and the Short and the Tall* has begun, suspicion has become certainty. You stifled your early doubts, for after all the play—though you did know it was to be about seven members of an army patrol holed up in a deserted hut in the Malayan jungle—was being offered at the Royal Court, and the Royal Court gets the benefit of the doubt. But now it is no good pretending. You *know* that the dull Scots soldier with the brutish sense of duty is there to display his dullness, his Scottishness and his brutish sense of duty for the whole of the next two hours, and is there to display nothing else.

You now acknowledge the other certainties. That the backward Welshman is backward forever, backwardness is his line, and backward he will be. That the North-country man will always join in the conversation with a heavy proletarian air that weighs not less than five tons. That this same North-country man will still be reacting to the youngest member of the group with awkward fatherliness, and to the wide-boy with caustic gloom, when the Last Trump sounds. That the young wireless operator will respond to all stimuli—be it the entry of a dozen Nautch girls or the eruption of Krakatoa—with varying degrees of shamefaced terror. Casting your eye over the lot of them—sadist corporal or strong-minded sergeant—you acknowledge that you now know as much of all of them as you will know two hours hence, that if the play were to last a thousand years you would know no more.

As the play moves forward you are inclined to wonder about Private Bamforth—Bamforth, sciver and bully-boy, itchy for trouble and the chance to put the leather in, radiant with civilian memories of knife and cosh. Doesn't Bamforth, at least, show change, doesn't Bamforth exhibit—ultimately—that scope for behaving untypically which is one test of an author's ability to create individuals, not types? Doesn't Bamforth, after all, turn out to have a heart of gold? He does, he does—and with as much conviction he might have turned out to be the Emperor of Russia. This is not the development of character, it is the very fracture—Bamforth's *volte face* is no more the development of the original Bamforth than the fragments of a broken glass are the development of that glass when it was whole.

To bring his characters into conflict, Mr Hall presents them with a dilemma. Are they to murder their Japanese prisoner, or take him with them? Keeping an eye on him will slow the party down, but the Sergeant is prepared to risk it—until he learns that the enemy are closing in and realises that speed is now everything. And then it is Bamforth—Bamforth, of course—who opposes his decision to kill the prisoner, Bamforth who tangles with the sadistic Corporal and his bayonet, Bamforth who harangues his comrades, Bamforth who weeps in disgust when the Jap is killed, almost accidentally, by the frantic wireless operator.

Bamforth, of course. Not because such behaviour could be expected of Bamforth (we have seen it could not), but Bamforth on the 'theatrical' grounds that anyone who has been making the audience laugh as much as he has will have accumulated enough sympathy to make the appointment of anyone else as hero out of the question. While any objection (as that Bamforth's splendid stand would have come with far more propriety from any one of the others, bar the Corporal) can be countered by giving Bamforth his heart of gold full half an hour before it is needed.

How does the play end? They run out of the hut into the jungle and are shot by the enemy. This seems less like resolving a conflict than amputating it. True, the Corporal runs back into the hut and waves a white flag as the curtain comes down, but as Mr Hall has been 'theatrical' once he will not baulk at being 'theatrical' twice.

Mr Lindsay Anderson's production is the essence of actuality (since he takes care to relieve my imagination in all other respects, I think he might relieve it also in the matter of regional accents: Mr Peter O'Toole, Mr Alfred Lynch and Mr Robert Shaw assume dialects that wouldn't get them a job in a minstrel show) and the actors are excellent throughout. The barrack-room dialogue is absolutely authentic, the fate of the Japanese prisoner, while it hangs in the balance, commands excited attention, and it is plain that Mr Hall knows very well how to keep you in your seat from one moment to the next. *His* problem, as I see it, is getting you there in the first place—for who will visit the Royal Court Theatre for a slice of life that is one part life and nine parts manipulation, when by turning his television set on he has it to hand?

At the Globe, Miss Clemence Dane's new play *Eighty in the Shade* seems rather overloaded (the cargo includes a vampire mother, a mad daughter, a failed playwright, an ageing admirer and a dead husband with mistresses) and rather underengined. But Dame Sybil Thorndike and Sir Lewis Casson radiate such charm and vitality that other considerations are probably pedantic.

ROBERT ROBINSON

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The Magic Flute At Covent Garden

The first night was an interment, not a 'revival'; by the end I would have given every inch of gauze and all the refinements of lighting for one perfectly chosen tempo, one vital recitative, or a single sign to show why *The Magic Flute* moved both Goethe and Beethoven to such enthusiasm. The second performance went much better, and I was glad to have heard it; but the improvements were due rather to a greater degree of confidence than to any change of attitude. Covent Garden had invited Peter Maag to conduct, and his philosophy of Mozartian performance seemed to be the negative one that so long as everything is neat and balanced the rest will look after itself. He was also determined, I think, to avoid anything heavy or portentous: an excellent thing if it does not lead to the opposite fault of racing through sublime music as though it were worth no more than yesterday's newspaper.

That, unfortunately, is what happened. The March of the Priests was treated as a mere entracte, and articulated so superficially that apparently only those in the front of the stage could hear the music clearly enough to keep in step with it. The duet of the armed men failed even more dismally. A diagnosis of what went wrong would sound quite unalarming if expressed in purely musical terms: the tempo was just too fast, and the staccato quavers in the strings were too light and too short. But how little it takes to turn the balance, and to transform one of the most sublime conceptions in all opera into something quite insignificant! Equally sad was the first entry of the Queen of Night. Mozart's orchestral introduction makes it perfectly clear that this is a majestic and exciting moment; but the playing was so dull that it might almost have set out to evoke the prosaic stage setting, in which the Queen of Night then executed her marvellous music without a trace of conviction. Her second aria went infinitely better, perhaps because it contains no recitative or slow section; for the conductor certainly did not help her to preserve a powerful impulse during the first part of her other aria.

How gloomy it all sounds! But there were good things as well as bad. I liked Elsie Morison's Pamina very much indeed. She appeared sometimes to be singing only for the benefit of those on the stage, and so failed to bring certain passages to life; and she began her great G minor aria inconclusively. But every phase was supremely musical, and she played her part with an imagination and enthusiasm that so many of the others lacked. Papageno (Geraint Evans) was also excellent, but David Kelly had not quite the voice or bearing for Sarastro, though he sang well. As to the conductor, 'one perfectly chosen tempo' is, of course, an exaggeration; and on the second evening he seemed to give the singers more opportunity to do justice to the music. The encounter between Pamina and the three boys was a striking example of this. Nevertheless, one could not possibly describe his reading as adequate, let alone memorable.

William Glock

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A Clutch of Plays

Writing once a week, not always about the programmes themselves, one cannot review systematically and comprehensively everything on television that deserves mention. In the past two or three weeks, for instance, the quality of the plays on both channels has been, on the whole, unusually good: at a time of year when some programmes have been weak in content, slipshod in production, and marred by studio slip-ups and fluffed lines, those responsible for drama, both as producers and as actors, have been doing some of their best work.

I can do little more than give a brief list of some productions that I found positively enjoyable. There were two Bridies, *The Anatomist* (ITV) and *A Sleeping Clergyman* (BBC, last Sunday). Alastair Sim was a powerful and oily Dr Knox in what is perhaps the easier of these two plays, which both showed Bridie's continuing preoccupation with his other vocation, medicine; Diarmuid Kelly and Michael Ripper were splendidly villainous as Burke and Hare in the former; and, by another coincidence, Adrienne Corri appeared in both plays, giving three remarkably well contrasted performances in Bridie's biological-mystical family morality, which might without strong characterisation and deft production (in this case by Michael Barry and Anthony Pelissier) become confusing. Robert Urquhart was equally admirable in his various incarnations.

Sunday night at least is now relatively free from the foolish clashes and overlappings of which other critics and I used to complain so vigorously: if you can bear to (or have to) see two plays in one evening, the BBC's *Sunday Night Theatre* ends conveniently five minutes before ITV's *Armchair Theatre* begins (at 10.5). On several recent Sundays, possibly by accident, there has been an interesting contrast between the two: the BBC has given (as in *A Sleeping Clergyman* and in a smooth and decorative, if slightly lifeless, production of Wilde's *Ideal Husband*) a respectable rendering of some well-established stage-play; while ITV has experimented with some comparatively raw 'slice of life' by a new dramatist writing specially for television. After *A Sleeping Clergyman*, for instance, we had *The Break*, by Donald Giltinan, a melodramatic treatment of the familiar contemporary theme of the delinquent who will 'go straight' if loved and understood: Ann Lynn gave a strong sketch of the delinquent girl. Again, in violent immediate contrast to the Wilde was *The Criminals*, by Malcolm A. Hulke and Eric Paice, a thriller about a bank robbery under Piccadilly Circus at midnight on New Year's Eve: not so superficial or implausible as it sounds, since it explored quite interestingly the gradual breaking-down by a dominant crook (Stanley Baker) of the conventional ethics of the businessmen who were his forced accomplices.

Pushing coincidence further, on one Sunday each channel offered a play concerned with the tensions and problems of three men in an isolated service job. I couldn't face two of these, so stuck to the BBC and after *The Stone Ship*, by E. D. S. Corner (vivid and authentic lower-deck dialogue, less convincing plot, excellent acting by Barry Foster and Terence Longdon) watched an edition of *Monitor* in which Tyrone Guthrie told us about Ontario's Stratford Memorial Theatre; otherwise, it was a bit thin, though not so thin as a *Saturday Spectacular* (redeemed only by the superb conjuror-with-the-doves, Channing Pollock) in which Bob Hope and Fernandel, advertised in *TV Times* as 'guest stars', turned out to be appearing only in a short film clip, and Miss Dolores Gray sang a song containing what is surely the most solecistic line in the whole corpus of popular vocal music: *'You go to my head like a sip of sparkling burgundy brew'*.

I cannot end this perfunctory survey of recent TV drama without mentioning the outstanding play of this period – Associated-Rediffusion's presentation of Clifford Odets's *The Big Knife*, adapted by Ken Hoare. This is a difficult play to cast in England: John Moxey cast and directed it almost perfectly, and Patrick McGoohan was splendid in the leading part.

One play on sound-radio deserves special mention – an adaptation of Forster's *Passage to India* which the BBC gave on the Home Service. The mysterious vibrations in those caves – echoing again in poor Miss Quested's head in the witness-box – stirred the imagination, and chilled the spine, as they could hardly have done on TV.

Panorama's fine scoop on China was spoiled by the nagging, frightened commentary in a sneering transatlantic voice, complaining constantly of 'propaganda' and 'indoctrination'. What else do the British people get from such a commentary?

Tom Driberg

The Big Illusion

Thirty years ago William Wyler was making low-budget Westerns, and now in *The Big Country* (Odeon) he returns as a millionaire. In the meantime he has acquired style and versatility, he has attained at least once to high drama, he has touched social themes, he can put up a frontage – and at times something behind it. He comes back to the Western having made *The Little Foxes*. There is more than a touch of its animal hatreds about this leisurely drama of feuds in the cattle country and the triumph of an outsider who holds that it is antiquated to live at the gun point: the stork-like figure of Gregory Peck saunters through this role, appeasing in public and settling things when need be round the corner. And he has two girls, one all blonde old-fashioned pride and the other (Jean Simmons) true, dark, a staunch forward-looker. He is, in fact, thoroughly romantic, whereas the situation demands a realist.

This trouble extends to the whole film, which needs a very wide screen and two and three-quarter hours' running time. It is generous where it should be terse; it rises and falls dramatically, and finally lacks the character that would give it tension. None of its people, except the low Hannasseys, and in especial Burl Ives as their chieftain, are more than paper-thin, good for the scene in hand but always having to confront us face on, because seen sideways they might prove invisible. How splendid, for example, is the big scene where the Hannassey breaks in on Major Terrill's ball (with Charles Bickford in the latter part); but its tensions die away in other 'bignesses', some good, some bad. The landscape, the staging, the crowding or isolation under great skies are tremendous: if only there were a little more human substance when we come close up! *The Big Country* isn't exactly a failure, but its achievement involves the sort of compromises Wyler is prone to. The British Film Institute is celebrating his work with a very useful 24-page Index and a season of four films: *Detective Story*, *Carrie*, *Jezebel* and *Roman Holiday* (Jan. 14-18). On these occasions what is wanted very often has to give way to what is conveniently at hand; and I am quite sure that, like myself, many will wish he could have been represented by, say, *The Little Foxes*, *Dodsworth* and *Dead End*. These would give a quite different and better impression of his true talents.

The beginning of *Auntie Mame* (at Warner's) is so terrible – a fashionable windbag going on endlessly in the convention of farce – that any cinemagoer would be quite justified in getting up and leaving at the end of five minutes. Luckily this false start is only a kick-off badly envisaged; it is followed by a succession of scenes, always with Auntie Mame at the centre, and as loosely strung together as a series in the *New Yorker*. Soon we realise what we're up against; and the rewards far outweigh the let-downs. When it is funny – which is quite often – *Auntie Mame* is very funny indeed. Miss Rosalind Russell comes back with a bang in the role she created on Broadway: she is brilliant, admirable even in the sentimental bits which at least give an opportunity for hamming about. I can't say how she compares with Miss Lillie, playing the part in person round the corner. In fact, it is difficult to imagine anyone wanting to see such a broken-lacquer piece twice. But, taken fresh, the film *Auntie Mame* amuses extravagantly; and laughs in the cinema aren't so easily come by.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

LOLITA

SIR, – Mr Pritchett has really not done his homework on the *Lolita* question. From one or two American critics he borrows the far-fetched idea that Nabokov's novel, with its nasty theme, is really a satire on the modern American way of life. 'Unerringly', writes Pritchett, 'he has put his finger on the infantile sexiness which pervades Admass society. . . . Society always boils with rage when writers hold up the mirror; and, in our own phoney world, Mr Nabokov may be right in thinking that taboo subjects are the most enlightening.'

For further enlightenment I would advise Pritchett actually to read Nabokov's earlier works.

Let us take the chapter in *Lolita* which is devoted to a triumphant and detailed account of how the narrator manages to masturbate while a small girl is lying across his lap. Pritchett may see this as a satire of America in the 1950s. Yet an identical incident occurs in one of Nabokov's pre-war novels which is set in central Europe in the 1920s.

In the same *Lolita* chapter the excited narrator notices a 'yellowish-violet bruise' on the little girl's thigh. But much the same bruise, not solely a feature of Admass society it seems, is found on a ten-year-old girl who is lovingly described in Nabokov's autobiography *Speak Memory* – the scene in her case being a beach near Nice in 1910.

Speak Memory contains similar accounts of the charms of little girls who lived, not 'in our own kind of phoney world', but in Russia of the Tsars.

Nabokov's earlier books, I agree, are not pornography. *Lolita* is. One could defend its publication on the grounds that even pornography should be permitted in a free country. But to defend it as high satire in the tradition of Waugh and Huxley, to drag in even poor old Henry James in its aid, is to carry sophistication to the point of soppiness.

ROBERT PITMAN

4 Napier Road
W14

SPENDING ON DEFENCE

SIR, – Last weekend the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research published a paper entitled *Estimates of Resources Devoted to Scientific and Engineering Research and Development in British Manufacturing Industry*, 1955. This is based on an earlier paper by E. A. Rudd with the more comprehensive title *Expenditure on Scientific Research and Technical Development in Britain and America*, which was read to Section F of the British Association in 1956. I understand from the DSIR that publication was delayed because of the need to check the figures. However, in addition to any work that they may have done on the accuracy of the estimates, the editors have also cut out some instructive notes on our national expenditure on defence research. In the original draft this part of the paper was thought to be so significant that about one-third of the summary was devoted to it.

Rudd estimated that Britain was spending a higher proportion of its gross national product than America on research and development – two per cent. compared with 1.5 per cent. But Britain was devoting a much higher proportion than America of its research and development efforts to defence – over 60 per cent. compared with 34 per cent. Because of this Britain was spending on civil research and development a smaller proportion of the gross national product and less than one-third as much per head of the population.

I find that even well-informed progressive-minded people are unaware of the strange proportions of our national expenditure on research. Even the *Manchester Guardian* in an otherwise very full account of this pamphlet gave a compacted form of a table analysing this expenditure which involved showing only total government spending but not its composition. This finally blotted out the only reference to this sensitive subject left in the document, which now 'represents the considered views of the Economics Committee of the Council for Scientific and Industrial Research'.

Perhaps those who consider that a third of our national budget is too much to pay for our strutting pretence of military defence may also like to consider these figures. The total listed under the Civil Estimates for research and development in 1958-59 was £265,010,052; of this £217,633,000 was allotted to the Ministry of Supply and a further £20 million for the Navy. Atomic Energy was listed for a further £106 million in total but it was stated not to be possible for security reasons to give the research and development estimates separately. The DSIR estimated the grand total including research by private industry to account for £300 million in the year 1955-56.

Unfortunately further international comparisons are not possible because the only countries which have this type of comprehensive information available on research expenditure are Canada, the US and ourselves. But today it is no longer necessary to argue that economic advance is linked with scientific research. Have these proportions any relevance to the fact that Britain was one of the first two countries in western Europe to level off in its production after the post-war economic expansion?

ISRAEL BERKOVITCH

10 Seymour House
Albion Avenue, SW8

WITNESSES AND PROPAGANDISTS

SIR, – There are some points in your extremely sympathetic editorial on the activities of the Direct Action Committee and its supporters that call for comment.

You identify us with the 'Witnesses' as opposed to the 'Propagandists'. This is misleading. Many of our

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supporters are the most active campaigners for nuclear disarmament in their localities; and the committee itself regards constitutional propaganda as an integral part of its activities. Indeed we feel that the usual forms of persuasion must be employed to the utmost before the dramatic sort of action that was taken at North Pickenham is justified. The Pickenham demonstrations were preceded by intensive field-work in the area, during which thousands of leaflets were distributed, residents canvassed, open-air meetings held and 17 different trade union branches, trades councils and Labour Parties addressed. The demonstrations were certainly not regarded as ends in themselves. Rather they were envisaged as a way of provoking thought as widely as possible on the nuclear weapons issue, as a prelude to a more specifically political campaign.

You suggest in your editorial that some people might regard the action taken at North Pickenham as unconstitutional. Strictly speaking it was—but that is not to say it was undemocratic. Nor can a valid comparison be drawn between Direct Action and Massuism (or, nearer home, the League of Empire Loyalists). There are certain fundamental differences of approach between the two movements. Although the Direct Action supporters are not all pacifists, they are committed to non-violence in their demonstrations, and to complete frankness with the authorities about their intentions. This has resulted, among other things, in friendly relations with the police—as anyone who witnessed the recent Pickenham demonstrations and ensuing court proceedings can testify. Anything further removed from the tactics of right-wing extremism is difficult to imagine.

The question arises: is it undemocratic non-violently to obstruct preparations for genocide? Or, to put it another way; could it ever be democratic to prepare to commit genocide? There is a difference between democracy and mob rule. In a democracy certain human rights are guaranteed to all citizens. The persecution of minorities can never be said to be democratic in the broad sense of the word, however many people support it at a particular time. If this government, or any popularly elected government, started, say, to immolate the Jews or incarcerate the Irish, it could hardly be said to be undemocratic to obstruct it non-violently once the usual constitutional methods had proved ineffective. Surely the systematic preparation to murder millions of innocent people, be they citizens of this country or of any other, ought to be regarded in the same light?

HEINEMANN
scoop in
CUBA

We have
OUR MAN
IN
HAVANA
have you?
(Graham Greene's bestseller)

Nor should it be forgotten that neither parliament nor the British electorate has ever been properly consulted over the issue of nuclear weapons; also that the national press and radio have paid scant attention to orthodox campaigning for nuclear disarmament.

Although the North Pickenham demonstrators 'trespassed', nevertheless they did not enter 'private' property. For the rocket bases belong, in a certain sense, to the public, for whose defence they have ostensibly been built. They are constructed with the tacit consent of all of us. As voters in a parliamentary democracy, and as taxpayers whose money helps to pay the wages of the workers and buy the materials for the site, we have a collective responsibility for the building of these bases. And so it is up to us who are strongly opposed to them to demonstrate our opposition in no uncertain terms.

MICHAEL RANDLE
(Chairman)

The Direct Action Committee
344 Seven Sisters Road, N4

CHILDREN'S HOSPITALS

SIR,—No one will dispute that if the treatment necessary for a seriously ill child is not available at the local hospital, *and cannot be made available*, it will be necessary to send him to wherever it can be got—even if that is at a distance. The extent to which it is essential, and not merely convenient, to have large specialised children's hospitals is a question which only the medical and nursing professions can answer—taking due account, it is to be hoped, of the psychiatric knowledge now available. There is no doubt that any provision which restricts contact between the young patient and his mother, however necessary for other medical reasons, is disadvantageous from the mental health point of view.

It is unfortunately true that the longer a small child is in hospital the more difficult it will be for his mother to find ways of maintaining the close and intimate contact with him that the better short-stay wards now encourage in the interests of his contentment and emotional well-being. But the inference to be drawn from this is the opposite to that made by Mr Rudd in your issue of 20 December. If the mother has to work, or cannot have her other children minded by neighbours or relatives, it is surely all the more important that the ward should be as near home as possible—so that the mother can visit during her lunch break, in the evening, or in any other fragment of time that she can contrive. If the ward is at a distance the child will be deprived not only by the other claims on his mother but by the effects of distance.

No comfort is to be taken from the fact that in due course the behaviour of the small patient may make it seem that 'visiting becomes more for the parents' benefit than for the child's'. It is a danger signal when the young patient seems no longer to be affected by his parents' visits, and not a tribute to the quality of the nursing. At that point he has become emotionally detached from the parents he should feel strongly about, and to whose care he will one day return. Many parents can testify to the difficulty that young children who reach this 'settled' state commonly have in adjusting to family life and in establishing normal relationships when they return home.

The sad fact is that, no matter how good a ward sister is, it is virtually impossible for her to be an adequate mother-substitute to the children in her care. She has a busy life full of diverse duties, works a 48-hour week, and at best her love for the children has to be spread thinly. For the individual child this inevitably means much less intimate and continuous contact than he would get from mother or foster-mother in ordinary family life. There are, of course, exceptions to all generalisations and it may be that Mr Rudd's small child had the great good fortune to be in a ward which had a small quota of children and where a good sister had few administrative duties and was able to stay close to her young patients. But this is impossible in the generality of large and busy long-stay wards where even the kindest sister's concern has to be distributed among many children. The traditional organisation of hospitals does not meet the young child's primary need of maternal-type care.

JAMES ROBERTSON

Tavistock Child Development Research Unit
2 Beaumont Street, W1

THE CHALLENGE OF CHINA

SIR,—We were studying in Peking during the period of which Mr Gee writes and we were in the fortunate position of not having to use interpreters. We moved about perfectly freely and spoke with whom we wished. One of us was living in the Peking Institute of Foreign Languages and attending classes at Peking University and was able to witness at first hand the effects of the rectification campaign in those colleges.

We find that Mr Gee's impression of this campaign is completely wrong. First, neighbours were not given the opportunity to 'pay off old personal scores'. In fact a great deal of care was taken in a whole series of public meetings to sift trivial and personal matters from political issues. Second, although some rightists may have been sent to labour reform we know of no such cases. On the contrary the rightists about whom we personally knew continued to hold posts in their original organisations.

As for the case of Professor Ma Ying-chu, open criticism of teachers by their students is a feature of life in all Chinese universities. It is hard to think that there is any case of a teacher who has escaped criticism in one form or another. Professor Ma is no exception. However, it is not true that he was criticised merely for 'encouraging birth-control'. The latter is widely advocated as a means of improving the lot of Chinese women. The real issue is Professor Ma's contention that China's large population is an encumbrance to her economic development, and that the present rate of increase will create an increasingly serious problem. Surely the rate of China's development in 1958 has revealed serious errors in this point of view?

We find it hard to imagine who the dozens of 'ordinary Peking citizens' were on whom Mr Gee relied for his information, but we feel that in view of the above facts, what he writes should be treated with caution.

J. D. CHINNERY, P. D. HANAN

121 Fairfield Crescent, Edgware

[Reference is made to this correspondence in London Diary. We have been compelled to hold over other letters on this subject.—ED., *NS*.]

WELLS AND HUMAN PROGRESS

SIR,—With his grand judgment of 'his generous unwisdom in the cause of human progress was Wells's artistic undoing', your reviewer John Raymond may try to absolve the reader from further mental effort regarding the importance of the writings of H. G. Wells. But the statements which precede this would seem to show that Raymond had never bothered to find out to what extent Wells was concerned with 'the cause of human progress'.

The neo-Dickensian world we are supposed to cherish—'the average semi-educated man of good heart and warm imagination thwarted and defeated by a glum and shoddy way of life'—allows the affluent and superior to practise those seasonal rites of charity so conducive to eulogy and a righteous feeling of generosity. To educate Kipps and Polly, and make their world bright and worth while, would rob our betters of their opportunity to demonstrate, with due delicacy and restraint, how much indeed they love us. Kipps and Polly have neither use nor welcome for the turd of Mr Raymond's rich warm sympathy. They needed, and had every right to expect, the moral, intellectual and physical toil of all to educate their children so that they might leave that glum and shoddy world behind. And their Admass grandchildren have equal right to make that same demand of Mr Raymond. Instead, he glories in the gloom and shoddiness. It is true that the world's 'great literature' arises out of human affliction; but though I might regret the ending of Mr Raymond's profession of literary critic, I would welcome the end of literature if it heralded the end of misery and squalor. The physical deficiencies of the lives of previous generations in the western world have been transformed into the neuroses and pointlessness of life in the telly and bomb era. In other parts of the world the old deficiencies still exist.

Fundamental to the iniquities of both estates are two questions which formed the core of Wells's 'generous unwisdom'. He recognised their importance and sought to answer them. He neither found nor claimed to have found the full answers, but that does not alter the fact that answers are vital to our existence. We are driven from delinquency to despotism, and from neuroses to nuclear war, by our refusal to face the importance of these 'vacant lots' in our lives. Oh yes, we talk about them a lot, but would never dream of inconveniencing ourselves by doing something worth while about it. The British euphemisms for avoiding the issue are 'tradition' and 'make haste slowly'; other cultures doubtless have their own.

The first of these questions with which Wells wrestled for the better part of his life was the need for a personal code of conduct and metaphysics adequate for a world in which we have so much physical power and facility. It is a platitude to remark that our abilities in the physical world have outstripped our moral, social and psychological progress. What are we doing about it? Yes, we, for none of us can escape responsibility. The second question Wells called the problem of the Competent Receiver. That is, we have a vast technical and social apparatus which we can use for good or ill. Where and in whom is the responsibility for this great power to be vested? To mutter 'nationalisation' as if it were an incantation solves nothing, the shunting of words and attribution of labels cannot of itself influence the physical world of human and material action and reaction. The social apparatus must be affected directly. How, to what end, and in what way? These problems are still with us, and we are further today in our public life from any viable answers than Wells ever was. I urge Mr Raymond to pay close attention to two short books by Wells to see how true this is – these are his *First and Last Things* and *The Anatomy of Frustration*.

H. D. BAECKER

4 Leicester Road
Newport, Mon

SIR,—In an article last week a momentary aberration led to my referring to the aeronautic pioneer, Alfred Butteridge, as a character occurring in Wells's *The War of the Worlds*. The book is, of course, *The War in the Air. The War of the Worlds* deals with a very different and a much wider space situation.

JOHN RAYMOND

The Reform Club

THE PARANOID ARTIST

SIR,—I did not, unfortunately, have a copy of *Antic Hay* in hand when reading Mr Walter Allen's interesting review, entitled 'Portrait of a Paranoiac'. But, if my recollection serves, it was Coleman, not Mercaptan, who was the paranoiac artist in *Antic Hay*. Mercaptan specialised in writing those 'delicious middles', one of which he might no doubt have submitted for your editorial consideration in an attempt to differentiate his position from Coleman's much more authoritatively than I would presume to do.

DEREK WALKER-SMITH

House of Commons

NON-STOP SOUND

SIR,—John Wain's East Side Story bemoaning the fate of Britain's adolescents in a television world requires some few corrections. First, the advertisement he refers to is one of a series booked by ABC-TV in the weekly, international, edition of *Variety*. In fact this edition, unlike *Daily Variety*, is aimed at a substantial British, European and overseas readership.

If the advertisement he cares to describe in detail certainly boasts of the ratings victory of *Oh Boy* over the BBC-TV rival shows, why not? Has Mr Wain seen *Dig This*, the carbon-copy programme slotted exactly opposite the ATV success by the BBC?

And may I point out that a further full-page ABC-TV advertisement in weekly *Variety* is in five sections. One section mentions *Oh Boy*. The other four are devoted to Saroyan's *The Time of Your Life* in its NY City Centre production, the Coventry Festival of Arts with Markova, Dolin, Sybil Thorndike, the *Sunday Break* teenage religious programme, and the weekly literary programme, *The Book Man*.

Perhaps John Wain would be more constructively engaged in helping to expand the scope of British television than in distorting the advertisements of one programme contractor.

PETER CRAIG-RAYMOND

11 Palace Gate, SW

MUIR THE MAN

SIR,—Your contributor's estimate of the late Edwin Muir as 'a truly good man' is warmly endorsed by his neighbours in the Cambridgeshire village in which he spent the last two and a half years of his life.

In his walks about the village, and on bus journeys to and from Cambridge, Edwin endeared himself to all who had converse with him. Though shy and unassuming, he would chat with anyone in whose company he found himself, and listen with quiet attention. People who had never read a line of his poetry, and knew nothing of his reputation in the literary world, were drawn to him by his gentle manner and his considerate friendliness.

His regard for the feelings of others was seen at his public appearances as well as in his private conversation. When, for instance, after giving a lecture on Poetry at Bottisham Village College last summer, he invited comment from the audience, and one of the usual stupid questions was asked, he looked mildly at his interrogator, smiled, and said blandly: 'There *is* no answer to that question'. There was no hint of scorn in his voice.

I saw Edwin Muir for the last time on Christmas Day. It was obvious then that his face was 'set for Paradise'. Two days later he was admitted to Addenbrookes Hospital at Cambridge for oxygen therapy. He lingered for another week.

If evidence were needed to prove that a love of Edwin Muir's wise and gentle character is shed abroad in many hearts, it would be found in the congregation that assembled in the parish church to do him homage at his funeral. Here was a company made up of the humble and unlettered, as well as the eminent and scholarly. As we waited for the coffin to be carried through the porch I wondered what was the secret of the calmness and confidence that the dead poet had communicated to everyone who came within his orbit. It was mainly, I think, the result of his awareness of man's debt to the past, of his unique place in the world and in time. Edwin knew where he had come from, and whither he was going.

BERNARD GILL

Swaffham Prior
Cambridge

ALGERIAN REFUGEES

SIR,—May we have the courtesy of your columns to appeal to your readers for help for 60,000 Algerian refugees, many of whom may perish of cold and hunger if aid is not forthcoming very quickly? The homes of many of these people have been destroyed by the French and they have fled across the borders into Morocco and Tunisia. Here they live in shocking poverty in improvised camps, or in slums in urban areas. Most of the aid has so far come from the Red Crescent but this is very limited. Need for blankets, warm clothing, food and medicine is very great. Few of them have hope of work as there is much unemployment in these countries. January and February are extremely cold and the need for immediate help is urgent.

The Central Council for War on Want has established a special fund for their aid and undertakes that every penny contributed will go direct to the refugees. Nothing whatever is spent on expenses since all officers are honorary and all postal and other incidental expenses are met by the members of the Council personally.

Every pound received may save the life of a child, or buy medicine to prevent blindness from trachoma. Twenty cases can be treated for £2. Please send gifts of money, large or small, to the Rt Hon. Hilary Marquand, MP, Hon Treasurer, 'Central Council for War on Want', 9 Madeley Road, W5. Cheques and Postal Orders should be made out to the 'Central Council for War on Want' and crossed 'Algerian Refugee Fund Account'.

EDWARD ROGERS, EDWARD CARPENTER,
MARK BONHAM CARTER, FENNER BROCKWAY

EUROPE AGAINST THE BOMBS
Opening demonstration of the European Congress for Nuclear Disarmament
January 16th, 17th, 18th, 1959

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(Sweden)
Dr. GUNTHER ANDERS
(Vienna)
Dr. ROBERT JUNGK
(Author of Brighter than a Thousand Suns)
Prof. ANTOINE LACASSAGNE
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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Marksman

For the first time Turgenev's *Literary Reminiscences* and some autobiographical fragments are translated into English*. They are a collection of beautiful shots by the great marksman. Belinski – at length – Gogol, Krylov, Lermontov and many minor figures are caught exactly as they seemed to Turgenev in his youth. They sit in the idle evening or some eventless hour of the day and are caught by a writer whose genius was for the farewell to the passing moment; but they are also there to remind Turgenev's readers that he was once a leader among the young and not the 'lost leader' of his vilifiers. The voice is firm and imperturbable. Only on longer consideration, as the two essays by Edmund Wilson and David Magarshack (the translator) indicate, is it clear that Turgenev is not the untroubled, urbane gentleman. He presented himself to the West in the West's manner; but to Russia he showed another face: indignant, agonised, angry, wounded, contemptuous and impassioned. He loved his country and could not, because it was privately unbearable to him, stay in it. He was in thrall to experiences he could not forget.

The *Reminiscences* were written to establish his facts and to clarify his stand in the bitter Russian quarrel – Irish writers, like Yeats, have been in a similar dilemma. For Russian literary history is shamefully marred by meanness and malice and Turgenev was exposed to them as Pasternak has been in our own time. It is the price that Russian writers have had to pay for the enormous advantage they have derived from the existence of a Russian question. It is no good lamenting this pettiness; it existed in the eighteenth century in England under the far less interesting rancour of party politics. We can only say that Turgenev knew his own people. The essence of his difficulty is simple to understand. Accepted as a political leader because of his campaign for the liberation of the serfs, he fell foul of the Left and the Right in the next generation. A Westerner, he was loathed by the Slavophiles – Dostoevsky, a wildly inexact man, once denounced Turgenev for 'saying he wished he was a German', which was untrue; the portrait of Bazarov in *Fathers and Sons* was denounced as a libel on the young; it was also assumed that Turgenev was a 'nihilist' for inventing the word. Such are the penalties of detachment. Turgenev had grown up in a time when the non-committal was the most deadly method of exposure; he grew into the time when it exposed himself. These wrangles have spent themselves. The artist remains. The famous passages in *Smoke* which enraged his contemporaries, did not seem so far off the mark in the Stalinist period and they came all the more forcibly from Turgenev because if anyone understood tyranny emotionally it was he. It was an unpopular thing to say in 1886 but when Turgenev did say that there would be no Russian revolution for 30 years, he was (as Mr Edmund Wilson remarks) only a year out in his prophecy. And Turgenev had no religion, Mr Wilson adds, with which to bedazzle and console himself in the manner of Dostoevsky and Tolstoy:

> No delusion and no emotion could fantasticate his strong conviction of the wretched situation of Russia or obscure his lucid perception that the remedy would be long in coming. He was taken in by fraudulent idealists; he was stirred to outbursts of sympathy by real ones. He was constantly under fire from both sides, and he sometimes answered his opponents back. He had always, on the one hand, to be careful of arousing the censorship, and on the other, to resist the clichés editors tried to impose on him. But through his casual blowings of hot and cold, his profession of belief in reforms from above and his secret contributions to radical papers; through his sometimes hysterical encounters with Dostoevsky and Tolstoy, his glowing amours and his slumps of gloom, his shuttling between Russia and Europe . . . he sticks to his objective judgment, his line of realistic criticism, his resolve to stand free of movements, to rise above personalities, to recognise all points of view that had any sincerity and dignity, to show Russia how to know herself. . . . In this he is truly heroic.

It was not a line likely to endear him to the doctrinaire. What exasperated his enemies was that he was rich, an expatriate and a detached observer. Mr Wilson knows that this detachment had an angry private root. In turning away from Russia Turgenev was turning away from the decisive horror of his life: his childhood and youth under the appalling tyranny of his ferocious mother. Upon the gentle, gullible and rational Turgenev, evil appeared to come from outside himself. It made him evasive, elusive and self-protective. It turned him into an observer, not a participator. And although participators – if they have genius – may be the richer and fuller writers, there is no doubt that the observers – who have genius – create those still and crystal-like works of art which, however slight, have a natural lasting strength. They stir up less but they leave transfigurations which have the unearthly and permanent quality of pure memory. The attacks on Turgenev may suggest the limits of his art, but they do not impair its grace.

Those limits are well known. He begins, as he said, not with an idea but with a living person who possibly has an idea but who will be watched not only for the general drift of his character, but for its surprises and contradictions. And, since no novelist can guarantee a complete objectivity, the critic ought to be cautious (Turgenev said, speaking of Bazarov, in *Fathers and Sons*) and remember that a novelist may take a pleasure in castigating himself in his characters. The irony of Turgenev is related to his wound; he was quite able to see that, in his own life, he had exchanged his mother's fierce tyranny for the tyranny of Pauline Viardot. He was very much formed by the art peculiar to the great country house: the art of conversation which watches rather than searches men and women. He is less able to analyse the minds and hearts of his characters as they change, than to show them as they changeably appear among others, and in this he is as quick as the sportsman of the steppe to catch the movements and habits of his quarry. He always excels in the summary outline which does not run into caricature but has the air of a conversational absolute:

> In the General the good-nature innate in all Russians was intensified by that special kind of geniality which is peculiar to all people who have done something disgraceful.

His observation conveys leisurely and patient consideration. There are wonderful lines in the portraits of the *Reminiscences*. Of Krylov, the fabulist:

> There was not a trace of somnolence or attention on that vast, typically Russian face – only a great deal of intelligence and inveterate laziness and occasionally a very crafty expression seemed about to appear on it but could not – perhaps would not – break through all that senile fat.

'About to appear' – the sportsman waiting for a movement in the thicket! There is Lermontov, stiff in full uniform, still carrying sword and gloves, gazing sullenly at the Countess who tortures him:

> his swarthy face and large motionless dark eyes exuded a sort of sombre and live strength, a sort of pensive scornfulness and passion. His hard gaze was strangely out of keeping with the expression of his almost childishly tender, protruding lips.

One of the best things is the account of the awkward call on Gogol and of the nervous, suspicious and foxy novelist reading *The Government Inspector*. It is too long to quote but Turgenev, who had heard Dickens read, noted that Dickens was theatrical and had several first-class actors in his face, whereas Gogol read as if discovering the reality of his own strange people.

> With what a puzzled, astonished expression did Gogol utter the famous phrase of the Mayor about the two rats – at the very beginning of the play, 'They came, they sniffed and they went away'. He even looked up at us slowly, as though asking for an explanation of such an astonishing occurrence.

The eye of Turgenev always moves when he is writing well.

There are three pieces in this book which go outside of literary society into ordinary life and which show him in the act of reporting. They are the work of a warm but uncommitted looker-on and there is a hint in each that he felt the uneasiness and guilt of the non-participant. There is the account of the execution of Tropmann, the French murderer, a narrative which infuriated Dostoevsky; it is a protest against public executions and capital punishment and it appeals directly to the rational and humane in us. It shows clearly, what Mr Edmund Wilson has said, that to Turgenev, evil came from outside. *My Mates Sent Me*, an incident in the street battle in Paris in '48, is as remarkable in subject as it is in treatment. It says in a sentence or two all that can be said of the solidarity of the working-class and conveys also Turgenev's belief in the force of the 'life-giving drop' of simple goodness. The third piece is the account of his experience in a ship which caught fire and sank off Lübeck when he was a youth of 19. On and off, all his life, he was ridiculed or attacked for losing his head in a cowardly way on this occasion. Whether he did or not, it can hardly be said that most of the passengers behaved any better; he catches the farce that occurs in the middle of tragic or terrifying happenings. The sketch is masterly.

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* *Turgenev's Literary Reminiscences*. Translated by David Magarshack, with an essay by Edmund Wilson. *Faber*. 25*s*.

When we remember that Turgenev was criticised for his behaviour in all three of these events, we realise that his countrymen must have lived in a state of extreme hypersensitiveness, not to say suspicion, which is incomprehensible to the West. He himself was capable of writing that some of his critics 'wallowed in filth up to the neck' and certainly provoked Dostoevsky and Tolstoy, as a maddened rationalist might forgivably do. There are two things which help us to understand a little. When we read the generous but vague panegyric on Gogol for which Turgenev was banished by the government, we get a hint of the fantastic sensibility of the Censorship: what tiny things wound the dull thick hide of a sprawling despotism. How mean monsters are! The other thing is harder to put into words but there is a clue perhaps in one of the letters Turgenev wrote to Tolstoy, speaking of the 'gulf' which had come between them. Looking at the text, one cannot for the life of one imagine what this 'gulf' can be; but the writer has clearly a far more emotional, exacting, searching and almost metaphysical sense of what understanding is than is common among Westerners. Social convention, manners, even shared values or beliefs held or resisted, have no part in this struggle of souls for a naked and uniting truthfulness with each other. Turgenev is asking for something like an absolution. Western writers have little experience of living in this fine state of exposure which opens them to venom or to love; and Turgenev was at the disadvantage of having learned a little of the Western scorn for such goings on. From his *Reminiscences* and from Mr Wilson's essay, he comes out with a greater strength than he has been allowed for a long time.

V. S. Pritchett

The Red Man

The fox was up at the creak of dawn
Laughed in his teeth at the winding horn
Said Here's a man the pack won't get down
Though they hunt in their redcoat ranks O;
Said Here's a man the pack won't get down
Though they hunt in their serried ranks O.

The fox stood up on his Red Man's hill
Said Here's a fox going to make his kill
Blood of the hound shall the ditches fill
And the leaders drown in the blood O;
Said Blood of the pack shall the ditches fill
And the leaders drown in the blood O.

The fox he ran in his burning pride
On a river of ice he made him a slide
To leap to the moon was but a stride
And he leapt right over the hounds O;
To his earth on the moon was but a stride
And he rode on the backs of the hounds O.

The fox he pulled down star and star
To make a trail to his Luna lair
A paper trail to his Luna lair
And a trap for the horse and the hound O;
A scent of stars to his Luna lair
And a knife and a rope for the hunt O.

When you can't go on and you can't go back
You must jump said the fox though it be to your death
You must leap said the fox and he laughed in his teeth
At the winding horn and the hunt O;
You must leap said the fox and he gripped his mate
In her heat as they stood on the moon O
And he sang in his pride on the moon O.

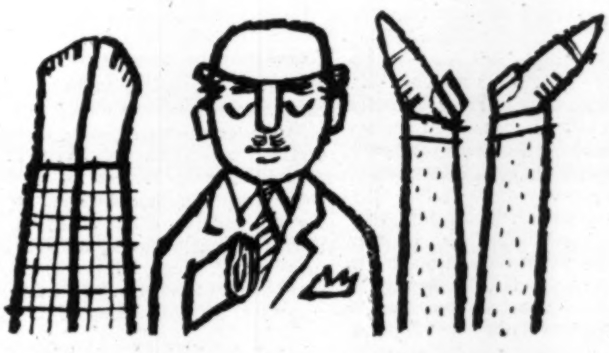
Ewart Milne

Now the Year Unfolds

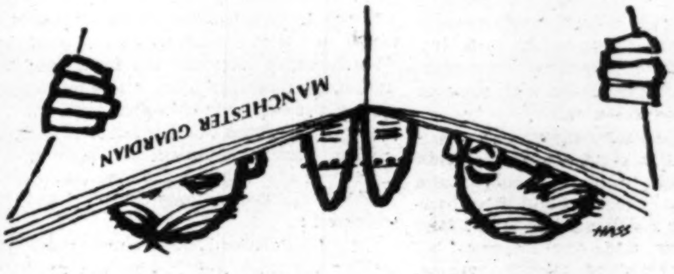
Now the year unfolds
a wistful hand
lavishly desolates
the land
and with a dancer's
bland deceit
pauses where
disasters meet,

leaves and feathers
and frost over
make a resolute
cover
under which bide
bugles that draw
all winter long
breath for the thaw

Karen Gershon



Who are the men behind the
MANCHESTER GUARDIAN?



The man on the left, as our illustration shows, is going downhill fast. He is in fact accelerating at 32 feet per second per second, on the short way down from the ten-metre diving-board. This seems an odd moment for the Hackney Dolphins Men's Highboard Diving Champion (for that's who it is) to be reading the *Manchester Guardian*. He must be very absorbed in the paper indeed. The sharp-eyed observer will notice that he has also forgotten to take his trousers off.

The man in the centre is the right way up because he is a Top Person. He has his chin in, his chest out, and is keeping a stiff upper lip. If the headline were not in the way, you would be able to see that he is keeping a straight bat, too. He keeps it on a sticky wicket, where he uses it to explore every avenue and leave no stone unturned. That neatly rolled newspaper under his arm is not the *Manchester Guardian*, which he never reads. You can see his point, poor chap.

The man on the right is by no means a Bottom Person, in spite of his position in the illustration. He has eight pints of really blue blood in his veins, ancestors who sailed steerage with William the Conqueror, and king-size death duties to pay. He always reads the *Manchester Guardian*, even if it means looking over the shoulder of the Hackney Dolphins Men's Highboard Diving Champion as he rushes water-wards. The lucky man who is still unencumbered by death duties, however, could probably afford threepence a day and have a copy all to himself. It's a cheap way of avoiding a broken neck.

Duckworth Books

The Commonwealth in the World

by J. D. B. MILLER

In the present proliferation of blocs, alliances and pacts, the Commonwealth remains unique. Britain's old Colonial Empire has grown into a free, loose grouping of equal sovereign states, each respecting to the full the others' independence. The author, Professor of Politics in the University of Leicester, contends that the Commonwealth is "a concert of convenience" to which each member belongs for reasons of interest rather than of sentiment. The countries of the Commonwealth find profit in the means of consultation and economic co-operation which it offers, and in the political field confine their discussions to the larger issues on which there is a measure of common interest.

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By Anthony Havil, B.A.
Written by a medical man specialising in Obstetrics and Gynaecology this work is a complete guide to every aspect of sex. A Judge recently said: "I have read every word and every page of it. It is a perfectly proper publication. This book would give enlightenment to people."

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By Elliot E. Philipp, M.A., M.B., B.Chir., F.R.C.S., M.R.G.O.C. Childlessness is a problem which affects the happiness of many couples. In this new book an eminent specialist provides an explanation of the causes and suggests a means of cure.

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By Rennie MacAndrew. An explanation of men to women and women to men—to clarify ideas—to illustrate the differences of Friendship, Love and Marriage.

THE RED LIGHT 2/10
By Rennie MacAndrew. A book of sane and logical instruction on intimate hygiene for Men and Women. The late Dr. Maude Royden said of this book "... without question the best book of its kind I have come across ... the wider its circulation the better for all concerned."

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Dept. 169, 26 Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2
Complete catalogue available on request

Hatters' Shakes and Writers' Cramp

Health in Industry. By DONALD HUNTER. *Penguin Books.* 4s.

Not long ago I saw a man of 59 who in his early teens had been a miner in Somerset. His job had been to crawl along the tunnels on all fours pulling a truck by a rope twisted around his hips. Nearly half a century later the marks of the rope in his groin were still visible. This was a vivid reminder of how recent are some of the horrors of the Industrial Revolution. The barbarism of children crawling about the mines for twelve hours a day has been left behind, but mining is still a very dangerous occupation. I have asked several people how many miners they think are killed each year by accidents. Not one has guessed above a quarter of the real figure—400. This appalling figure is an improvement on nearly all previous years. People take pride in it. The complicated and impressive account of the struggle to prevent mining accidents is one of the many illuminating stories Dr Donald Hunter tells in this short but encyclopædic account of industrial medicine. The number of facts he records is prodigious. At some places the reader may find the going heavy, but if he wants the answer to a question on industrial health it is likely to be here.

There is only one person in the country who could have written this book. Dr Hunter's knowledge is unique and it is admirable that some of it is now accessible to the non-medical reader. If a medical or scientific subject is to be written about in a 'popular' way it is far better that the author should be an expert and not a glib writer with a smattering of jargon. If the expert is too technical, a skilful editor can make sure that he is readable, but nothing can correct the author who, not understanding science, worships or derides it.

For this reason the Pelican medical series promises well. But the editor will need to be careful because there are times, reading this book, when one is unsure to whom it is directed. Dr Hunter lists union officials, personnel officers and undergraduates planning a career in industry among those who will find the book interesting—as well as doctors. Indeed they may, but they might appreciate it even more if the doctors were not included in the target. What doctors hear through the stethoscope when they listen to the chests of silicotic miners is of little interest to the non-medical reader. There are, too, several examples of the use of medical phrases—alopecia, deglutition, epistaxis, icterus (none of these is included in the glossary)—which could as well be expressed in simpler terms—baldness, swallowing, nose bleed, jaundice. On the other hand, to enlarge the medical approach by including more accounts of individual cases might dramatise the hazards of industry and the approach to their solution. For example, an account of a detective inspector who was thought to be neurotic because of trembling whenever he returned to work and whose trouble was due to handling finger-print powder, might impress the reader with some of the features of mercury poisoning.

Sometimes the authoritative expert in a scientific or medical subject lacks passion. He detaches himself from the social setting of his subject and merely describes its mechanisms and manifestations. This would be a difficult attitude to take to industrial medicine and, one imagines, an impossible one for Dr Hunter to take to anything. He attacks the stupidity and complacency that still exist. For example, it has been known for twenty years that some organic compounds of mercury are so dangerous that they should not be made. They still are. The number of deaths from silicosis in the world is still rising, although knowledge of prevention is now very great.

The fault is with doctors as much as with the rest of society. Their 'ill-informed complacency' led them to ignore the danger to the lungs from mining for centuries 'which constitute what is probably the greatest disgrace in the history of British medicine'. It is refreshing to read someone so completely non-complacent as Dr Hunter. He makes no pretence that all is well, yet is rightly proud of past achievements. This may sound like faint praise. It is not meant to be. Very few writers—or television producers—can strike this balance, except on a very superficial level. It is in the hope that the books in this series will be widely read that one suggests that the authors should forget their medical readers and aim to interest, initiate and inform intelligent laymen—of whom there are many.

DAVID PYKE

The Phantom of Delight

The Letters of Mary Wordsworth. Edited by MARY E. BURTON. *Oxford.* 42s.

Journals of Dorothy Wordsworth. Edited by HELEN DARBISHIRE. *Oxford.* 7s.

> . . . I cannot let this our fortieth wedding-day pass (and such a day of bright gorgeous autumn is not often seen) without dividing my heartfelt thankfulness with you—who, I know wherever you may be, your thoughts and blessings will be with *us*, especially if it occurs to you, that from this day, we look back upon 40 years of wedded life with grateful thanks to our heavenly Father for leading us thro' such a long course of uninterrupted harmony. We, like all mortals, have our sorrows, but these have been endeared to us by perfect sympathy, and only drawn us more closely to each other. Then this beautiful region in which we have been permitted to live—and in such home-society!

One might suppose the writer some sheltered being who had never suffered. But the letter goes on—'Our two beloved sisters, the one gone before and the other changed' (Sara Hutchinson, the Asra of Coleridge's tragic love; Dorothy, now for twenty years insane). She continues, 'we can give *her* no neighbours but ourselves, or she would terrify strangers to death. She is however in many things much improved. . . .' The healing pen flows on, casting balm over so many crushing tragedies, both of youth and of age.

> The reason firm, the temperate will,
> Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
> A perfect Woman, nobly planned. . . .

Such was Mary Wordsworth, the poet's first love and his last. If, as Miss Burton supposes, she was the love of near-childhood—a relationship interrupted by the episode of Annette—she was able to evoke as bright a vision as any poet ever saw in the woman he loved. Her letters, of course, cannot show us the mysterious thing that inspired Wordsworth's love, and the love, also, it seems, of his sailor-brother John, whose last letter to her before her marriage is blotted with tears. But of the human virtues that her husband early divined in her, there is abundant and lifelong evidence. Hers was a strength and sweetness (plain in her portrait) that sorrow only deepened and the years matured.

Mary Wordsworth was a simple countrywoman, of farming stock; but in her feelings there was a maturity not always found among the opinionated and intellectual. She loved her own children, and all the 'trots' in the large and ever-spreading family circle. She writes to her daughter Dora, then in her thirties, that on finding a letter from her, 'It was just like the shock of pleasure (which of late little H'–a grandchild, of course–'has called back to me) I used to feel upon hearing, at some distance, your baby voices when you were *new* to me. I do not know if even *you* can understand this'. She tended the sick, the old, and the very young; she helped the poor and the bereaved; she loved them all. De Quincey records that all she could ever say was 'God bless you!', but admits her 'radiant graciousness'.

Already her early love demanded her fortitude and forgiveness; and marriage brought its griefs – the loss of two children within six months, and the death of John Wordsworth, at sea, almost crushed her. Later trials were perhaps more bitter still – Dora's slow decline into incurable consumption, and her marriage, against her parents' better judgment. Dora's death broke the heart and health of her father; and it was Mary who must comfort him, in his last illness. She lived on, to face the passing of Dorothy with a love and patience unbroken; she was the last to go.

Her letters, one must admit, make deadly dull reading, with their endless news of family matters, and the absence of any general observations of any kind. But that her entire femininity was a sweet strength to all who knew her, and above all to her husband, is clear in every line. The nearest she ever comes to severity is in a description of a dinner-party at the house of Coleridge's daughter Sara, that she describes with North-country tartness:

> The dear hostess prosed away in learned matters all dinner-time and after, to the Pastor of the Parish on her right hand, and now and then a word to the Poet on her left – I sat between H. [Henry Nelson Coleridge] and a brother lawyer – a country one I think. Poor dear Mrs C. like a *stuffed turkey* opposite me – and that was our Party.

One divines that it was Sara's neglect of 'the Poet on her left' that called forth the stricture on her 'prosing' – the possessiveness and intellectual jealousy that made Mrs Coleridge intolerable as a wife, were unknown to Mary Wordsworth. Family loyalty was all: Sara had neglected her husband at dinner; and Sara's mother had stood in the way of her sister's union with Coleridge. All these virtues may seem prosaic enough to explain why Wordsworth's later verse can be as dull as his wife's letters. But against this we must remember that she was, also, his early muse.

Miss Burton's footnotes are informative, but it is a pity that she did not give a chronological table of the principal events in the lives of the Wordsworths, and also a brief account of the chief persons mentioned. The latter, in particular, would have made the reader's task much easier.

Miss Darbishire too deserves thanks for adding a pleasant volume to the World's Classics – the Grasmere journals of Dorothy Wordsworth, with the shorter poems written by her brother, mentioned in, or arising out of, his 'Exquisite Sister's' record of five magical years, her twenty-seventh to her thirty-first.

The Wordsworth family had been scattered by the death of parents, and while William was receiving his education at Cambridge and travelling in France, Dorothy spent her time humbly with relations in Halifax, Penrith, and Norfolk. Now the good years begin: she is reunited with William first in Dorset, then in their native county. Grasmere must have been at once the end of an exile and the entry into a promised land that had bounded the horizons of childhood. Dorothy's journals, filled with the simple record of days in and about her cottage and the lovely lake of Grasmere, baking, sewing, gardening, walking, have the double beauty of the familiar seen as the marvellous, like objects held within the light of a rainbow.

KATHLEEN RAINE

The Civil War Plain

The Twentieth Maine: A Volunteer Regiment in the Civil War. By JOHN J. PULLEN. *Eyre & Spottiswoode. 30s.*

I approached Mr Pullen's work without enthusiasm. As reviewers will tell you, far too many trivial books in overblown prose are being published about the American Civil War. So, despite the distinguished imprint, I half-expected one more saga from the old firm of Farrago & Taradiddle.

To my surprise, this account of a New England battalion is first-rate: honest, well-documented and beautifully composed. Mr Pullen does not make the mistake, common among regimental historians, of pretending that the 20th Maine won the war all on its own. Where its experience is typical he generalises appropriately: on the muddle of recruitment, for example, or on the Army of the Potomac's feeling for Lincoln and McClellan or for its formidable opponent Lee. He avoids the bad habit in popular history of putting 'thoughts' into the minds of his characters. Instead he quotes from an ample quantity of letters and reminiscences; and his own additions – on, say, the landscape, or the sights, sounds and smells of battle – are unobtrusive and accurate.

Of course his book would have been less impressive if he had chosen an insignificant regiment. But the 20th Maine, when it became seasoned, was a unit that fought bravely on important occasions, and under two exceptional commanders, the West Point regular Adelbert Ames and the ex-theologian Joshua Chamberlain. So its record both epitomises and glorifies that of the Union Army as a whole. Raised in 1862, it was gently introduced to carnage at Antietam, and more horribly at Fredericksburg. Its great day came at Gettysburg where it held firm against ferocious attack on the extreme left of the Union line. Then there were the campaigns of the Wilderness and Petersburg. As climax we follow the 20th Maine to Lee's surrender at Appomattox, and to the last victory parade in Washington.

Mr Pullen makes the fortunes of one small group of men memorable and moving. With the aid of admirable photographs, drawings and maps he describes enough of the complicated larger scene to render it intelligible even to an uninitiated reader. Joseph E. Johnston's name, by a slip, is spelt wrong; Stonewall Jackson disappears from the narrative without a reminder (which might be helpful for a British audience) that he was killed at Chancellorsville; and it would have been entertaining to hear briefly of the post-war career of Ames, when he was the son-in-law of 'Beast' Butler and a 'carpetbagger' politician in the South. Otherwise I can see no blemish in this splendid book.

MARCUS CUNLIFFE

The Granada Television Play Contest, announced in March, 1958, attracted world interest. Over 8,500 people applied for copies of the rules, from 20 countries and all five continents. By the closing date 2,268 plays had been sent in (each entrant was required to submit three plays).

Report on **GRANADA'S**

Just about every type of play turned up, ghost stories, refugee stories, colour-bar, anti-German, anti-Russian, anti-parent, light comedies, cloak and dagger, and the inevitable plays in verse. The judging panel narrowed down this galaxy of entries to six finalists. The prize winner was eventually chosen by a unanimous vote.

Television play contest

The £3,000 prize has been awarded to Robert F. Morrow, of Manchester. He sent in three plays: 'Clap Hands, Daddy's Coming', 'Midgley', and 'To Keep Our Way of Life'. These were the first plays he had ever shown to anyone outside his family circle, although he has been writing drama, poetry and whatnot for many years. In fact, Morrow, like most people who entered for the Granada Play Contest, is not a professional writer. He is chief buyer for a firm of catering equipment manufacturers in Oldham. He is 33.

Granada TV intends to produce at least one of Morrow's plays on television during 1959. It is also buying several plays by other entrants.

All in all, while the judges would not claim to have discovered a Shaw, a Miller, or an Osborne, they believe they have found at least one new playwright of original talent and a number of other unknowns with the quality to enrich television's stock of good drama.

And that is what Granada's Television Play Contest set out to do.

GRANADA TV NETWORK LONDON AND MANCHESTER

Special Correspondent

The Best We Can Do. By SYBILLE BEDFORD. *Collins. 15s.*

After some decent interval, there will be a call for a radio or television script on the trial of Dr John Bodkin Adams. The search will need to go no further than Miss Sybille Bedford's odd and expert piece of impressionistic reporting, a first-class script needing no adaptation. Caveat: for television, the producer ought to visit the Old Bailey to see for himself, for example, that when the Court adjourns the Judge does not 'slide along the bench' (page 31): he gets up out of a chair; and that Miss Bedford, in describing the five rows of barristers to be seen in No. 1 Court on a big day, has on the other hand been mercilessly exact:

> Distinct and uncontemporary faces, florid or wicked, ascetic, witty, coarse, learned, gay, dimpled, or gnarled: one sees profiles of simian scholars, cupids and distinguished Jesuits, and the profiles of accomplished sheep.

Rude, of course, but I think it is the wigs. They make young faces look younger and nicer, and old faces (with exceptions) older and nastier.

It has always been the practice of the national daily papers to commission well-known novelists to write 'specials' on the more sensational trials. At the Old Bailey I have at different times seen Arnold Bennett, Gilbert Frankau, Charles Morgan, Sinclair Lewis, J. L. Hodson, Howard Spring and many others rubbing elbows with the news agency men in the Press seats, too tightly wedged to make notes, objects of more public interest than the prisoner. But I have never, I think, read so good an account of a murder trial as Miss Bedford's. She went on her own, so far as I know. Next time she will surely be able to go, if she wants to, for any discerning newspaper: she could almost establish a corner in this kind of thing – if only it could be patented.

Another redskin bit the dust

EVERY schoolboy knows the dietary habits of the North American Indian. To an extent that bore no relation to the performance of any mere six-chambered revolver, what the Redskin bit was the dust.

Benighted savage! He had no one to tell him that earth is nasty without being nourishing; no one to point out that when you bake it, what you get is not a loaf but, nine times out of ten, some sort of pot; no one to suggest that spreading marmalade on the milk jug is really a sheer waste of time.

Thanks to western (as opposed to "Western") science, we now know we've been right all along in preferring bread. In the average diet, bread and flour provide more energy, more protein, more iron and more of the two important vitamins B_1 and nicotinic acid, than any other single food.* So it's not only the cheapest basic food you can buy. It's the best too. See that your family gets plenty of good fresh bread.

**National Food Survey Committee Report, 1956 (Page 133) published by H.M.S.O.*
In 1956, bread and flour provided, in the average diet, 24·7% of the energy; 26·3% of the protein; 26·9% of the Vitamin B_1; 24·2% of the nicotinic acid; 23% of the iron.

Note:—*All flour contains—per 100 grams of flour:* Vitamin B_1—*not less than 0·24 milligrams.* Nicotinic Acid—*not less than 1·60 milligrams.* Iron—*not less than 1·65 milligrams.*

ISSUED BY THE FLOUR ADVISORY BUREAU, 21 ARLINGTON STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.

Her method is a deadly one for the recording of 'expert' evidence which is (as usual) in conflict. Seldom will you see medical witnesses made to confound each other so ludicrously – even the doctors on the same side do it here. And this method irreverently displays, too, how the lawyers lay before the jury propositions which are not supported by the evidence; the Attorney-General, for example, in his closing speech (page 218):

> I suggest to you that the reason Mrs Morell was so angry with the Doctor for going away on holiday was that he had been giving her additional quantities of drugs without the nurses knowing, and Dr Harris (the *locum*) carried on with only what the nurses had been giving her.

Since she does it all so well it is important that she lays some ghosts. She makes clear, for instance, two matters on which I still find that there is public misunderstanding, not necessarily due to the usual public malice. First, Dr Adams stood to receive absolutely nothing under the will of the old lady who had died under his care; when he did get the Rolls-Royce and the chest of silver (value £275), it was merely by favour of her son, the residuary legatee. Secondly, the Doctor's defence was *not* that a medico has some kind of legal right, which the Courts should recognise, to shorten the life of a suffering and incurable patient. His defence was that the treatment he gave was designed to promote comfort. And, said Mr Justice Devlin in his impeccable summing-up (for which alone the book would be one to possess), 'if it was the right and proper treatment of the case, the fact that incidentally it shortened life does not give any grounds for convicting him of murder'.

In my own view, the publication of so good an account of the Adams trial has one justification that outclasses all others: it makes easily available the true case for preventing detailed Press reports of pre-trial magisterial hearings. But in every respect it has a standard of excellence that is almost its own.

C. H. ROLPH

Irishness

The Oxford Book of Irish Verse. Chosen by DONAGH MACDONAGH and LENNOX ROBINSON. *Oxford.* 21*s.*

> *Irish Strategy, 1014-1945:* The campaigns and actions of Brian Boru, Owen Roe O'Neill, Marshal Browne, Commodore Barry, Wellington, Admiral Browne, General Sheridan, Field Marshals Alexander and Montgomery, and many others.

Such a compilation would in some ways be less odd than a collection of Irish verse in the English language which includes, as does the new Oxford Book, poems by Goldsmith and Sheridan, Emily Brontë, Edward Fitzgerald and Oscar Wilde, Louis MacNeice and Cecil Day Lewis. For the language of war is an international one, possessing at least no essentially *non*-Irish characteristic, whereas in the case of these poets, not only their language but their culture is English – the language and culture which ousted the Irish language and culture. There exist, therefore, difficulties about an *Oxford Book of Irish Verse* which do not arise for the other Oxford Books, of French or Russian or Portuguese Verse. Many Irish people are by now thoroughly tired of these difficulties and the recriminations which flow from them: they hold that it would be better for Irish writers to get on with their writing, in whatever language they choose, rather than argue interminably about what Irish writing is; whatever it is, there is less and less of it. It may be because Mr Donagh MacDonagh, very understandably, shares this point of view that he is rather summary in his treatment of the difficulty. He states in his introduction: 'A question that will be asked is: What constitutes an Irish poet? In its simplest form the answer is easy, but there are exceptions. By our definition a poet may be Irish in three ways, by birth, by descent, by adoption'. Birth? The Duke of Wellington – who would no doubt be represented in this anthology if he had written verse – dealt adequately with this criterion in his celebrated remark about not necessarily being a horse if you were born in a stable. Descent? This can lead, as it does here, to the absurdity that a family, originating in England or Scotland and returning to its native country after a few generations in the north-east of Ireland, is to be treated as having become indelibly 'Irish'. Adoption? A very exceptional case. Swift was perhaps 'adopted', much against his will, by Ireland; one or two other poets 'adopted' Ireland, but she turned out badly for them.

In practice, the inadequacy of these criteria shows itself in a certain incoherence in the anthology. Nahum Tate's 'While Shepherds Watched', Wolfe's 'Burial of Sir John Moore', and a piece of the *Rubaiyat* have no serious reason for being in the same volume with Callanan's 'The Convict of Clonmel', Ferguson's 'Dear Dark Head' and Fanny Parnell's 'After Death', nor is there anything relevant in common between Mr Cecil Day Lewis's 'Do Not Expect Again a Phœnix Hour' and Mr Patrick Kavanagh's 'Shancoduff'. The total effect, for anyone who reads right through the anthology, is rather like listening to a Radio Eireann programme from abroad: faint but distinctive accents continually interrupted by snatches of a programme from a nearby and more powerful station. Such, it might be argued, is the nature of Irish life; yet surely one of the functions of an anthology of Irish verse ought to be to pick up the Irish accents with a minimum of interference.

How can this be done? 'To demand a recognisable Irish voice as a rigid test of Irish poetry,' says Mr MacDonagh, 'would be absurd, and would exclude many fine poets.' One could reply that the editor of a book of Irish verse must exclude many fine poets – Homer and Dante, for example – and that one of the troubles here is that the editors have not excluded enough fine poets. Yet Mr MacDonagh's wariness about the 'recognisable Irish voice' is in itself respectable: there are sirens with that voice, whitened bones of bards have been found in ale-houses. The problem is: avoiding 'national rhythm', the 'descent into the ancient blood' and popular concepts of genetically-transmitted theology, can we form an idea of Irishness which will be adequate, at least, to permit the making of a reasonably homogeneous anthology, *in English*?

The thing can be done, I believe, if we adopt a historical rather than a geographical point of view. Irishness is not primarily a question of birth or blood or language: it is the condition of being involved in the Irish situation, and usually of being mauled by it. On that definition Swift is more Irish than Goldsmith or Sheridan, although by the usual tests they are Irish and he is pure English. The Irishness of Moore is in part a reflection, in part a nostalgia, in part a schism: a spiritual involvement of wistfulness and guilt, less painful probably than the physical and administrative involvement of Dublin's English Dean. Mangan and Ferguson injected Gaelic poetry into

English, and with it toxins of the Irish past, ultimately fatal to that English political settlement of Ireland which seemed so sure a thing a hundred years ago. The movement of Yeats and Lady Gregory was in the same tradition; it was not deliberately political, but Irish life, mauling it and them, made it Irish in a sense which they had not chosen, the sense of political nationalism. Today, political nationalism has ceased to sing – its elegy is here in Denis Devlin's sad and noble 'Tomb of Michael Collins.' The Ireland in which contemporary writers are involved – or from which they disengage themselves – is very different from the Ireland of literary tradition. The writers are mostly individualists who would curse at the mention of Irishness, or indeed of almost anything else. Yet what they have in common, whether they care to assess it or not, is still their involvement in a country of which one of them, Mr Patrick Kavanagh, has vividly illuminated an important part. The rest remains to be discovered by others.

In arguing for 'historical involvement' as the criterion, I should not like to be taken as abounding in that sense, pleading for a rhapsodical hodge-podge of dirges and war-cries. The only value of the criterion is to make possible some degree of homogeneity in selection. By giving a more precise meaning to the term 'Irish writer' we can avoid the indignity of pursuing English literary men with Irish birth certificates. Even there, once the principle is established, much flexibility is needed. Border-line cases, like Louis MacNeice and W. R. Rodgers, might as well be annexed. And even in so English an 'Irish writer' as Robert Graves one can sometimes find, or think one finds, an Irish note, as in 'Love Without Hope', which Mr MacDonagh rightly includes here. Perhaps there is a tradition – that of the four-line epigram – for Irish poets; or perhaps it is only the uneconomic nature of the operation described in 'Love Without Hope' that seems to produce an Irish note. In any case, let us claim it:

> Love without hope, as when the young bird-catcher
> Swept off his tall hat to the Squire's own daughter,
> So let the imprisoned larks escape and fly
> Singing about her head, as she rode by.

DONAT O'DONNELL

New Novels

Rape of the Fair Country. By ALEXANDER CORDELL. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

A Way of Love. By JAMES COURAGE. *Cape.* 15*s.*

The Lunatic Republic. By COMPTON MACKENZIE. *Chatto & Windus.* 15*s.*

In Sir Compton Mackenzie's Lunatic Republic there are no critics.

> 'They were considered flugs.'
> 'Flugs?' I echoed. 'What are flugs?'
> 'We had flugs to plague us until the famous knowall, Pep 5, discovered an invisible vapour which caused all flugs to leave . . . and at the same time healed the Lunatics whose creative vitality had been sapped by them.'

The vitality of this flug has been sapped by this week's novels. Eight came, triumphs of the art of printer and binder, meretricious in their jackets, their spines unbroken, their unopened pages clinging to one another, and all with the sweet smell of the new book. But this flug soon flagged.

Creative vitality? The only vitality I found in this week's novels was in *Rape of the Fair Country*, a family chronicle set in the Wales of the 1830s. The ironmasters own the land and virtually own the people. They control wages in their devilish furnaces and prices at the Company shops. Children of seven earn a few pence a week; the alternative is the hiring fair. The novel begins in 1826 when the narrator, at the age of eight, goes to work in the furnaces; and ends thirteen years later when, a Chartist, he takes part in John Frost's pathetic march on Newport.

Mr Cordell has arranged his material well: I intend a compliment when I say that his history reads like fiction. His novel is vivid and exceptionally well written, with a bubbling though inoffensive Welshness. He has a fine sense of selection and writes with an economy which is unusual in sagas of this sort, so that, though not long, *Rape of the Fair Country* gives an impression of size.

This is not merely a political novel meant to excite a retrospective and futile anger. Mr Cordell has tried to give a rounded picture of a brutalised but lively community. The passages of beauty do not jar. The comic interludes fall easily into place and may be the best things in the book. The sketches of some subsidiary characters are excellent. When Mr Cordell's touch is light, it is sure.

> His funeral-carts were bible-black, and to get good squeaks he never greased the wheels; pulled by the oldest nags he could find, with soot well rubbed into their hides to add a little more misery. The way Shant-y-Brain was going . . . he would soon be burying gentry.

But *Rape of the Fair Country* comes from a recognisable mould. The blurb speaks of 'the turbulent life of a family who live, starve, and fight, and make love. . . .' I can see that the living-and-loving bits, routine and embarrassing though they might be, are necessary. Mr Cordell cannot, I suppose, be censured for the melodrama: how can it be avoided, when evil is so plain and contrasts so crude? Anyway, here it comes – another yellow-and-magenta seller.

'It requires considerable detachment,' say the publishers of *A Way of Love*, 'to assume that a passionate friendship between men is as valid a subject for a serious novel as any other.' I would have thought that the assumption had been made so often in recent times that the bottom was dropping out of the market. Much of the writing about homosexuals is of course aimed at the normal audience. The desire to startle is never entirely absent and it seems to be assumed that it is enough for the characters simply to be homosexual. That, I felt, was the point of more than one of the stories in Mr Gore Vidal's latest collection, *A Thirsty Evil*. And that, too, seems to be the point of Mr James Courage's *A Way of Love*. It is the story of a love affair between a middle-aged architect and a man of twenty-five. Once the assumption has been made that this is a valid subject, the novel becomes nothing more than the story of an erotic relationship and as such is thoroughly banal. Of course it is passionately hoped that we do not make this assumption. But we do, we do. Mr Courage is an elegant writer and his book is beautifully shaped; but it all seems such a waste. A different sort of homosexual writing is now required. Something on the lines of *Queer in Cuba*, or *I was a Homosexual for the FBI*.

The Lunatic Republic is on the other side of the moon. The side we see, according to Sir Compton Mackenzie's fantasy, was destroyed during a nuclear lunar war three thousand years ago. There is practically no story to this novel, only an account of the constitution and manners of the Lunatic Republic. Everything, as we expect, is highly organised – birth, nomenclature, work, amusement, death. Everyone speaks Basic English and the diet never varies. I found *The Lunatic Republic* familiar, limited, and not very easy to read. The satire is scattered and petty; the passage already quoted is a fair example. Sir Compton writes like a man running out of prejudices. At the end I was a fagged flug.

V. S. NAIPAUL

KENNETH ALLSOP, *Daily Mail:*
" The book of the year for me was not *Dr. Zhivago*, nor Montgomery's *Memoirs* but a first novel of most impressive accomplishment. . . ."

THE RACK

BY A. E. ELLIS (*Heinemann 18s.*)

" It is often glibly said that a work of art is an experience—*The Rack* is one of the rare instances of this actually being so. It is a book which must, inevitably, have a permanent effect on the reader."
PENELOPE MORTIMER.

" . . . a haunting experience. This granite book makes no concessions, none; the ending is despair that reaches the pitch of magnificence."
ISABEL QUIGLY, *Encounter.*

★*Reviewed eulogistically by Cyril Connolly, V. S. Pritchett, Edwin Muir, Kenneth Tynan, The Times Literary Supplement and countless others.*

the dreamer in the Kremlin

wrote HG Wells after meeting Lenin in 1920

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All This and Cocoa Too

The Quakers. By JOHN SYKES. *Wingate.* 21*s*.

A Quaker Business Man: Joseph Rowntree. By ANNE VERNON. *Allen & Unwin.* 21*s*.

Mr Sykes begins his survey of Quakers at worship and at work (in that order) by disposing of a bundle of stereotypes. Quaker experience, he suggests, is usually thought of as something which was long ago perfected, and has subsequently been 'wrapped up like a bar of Cadbury's chocolate, and handed down through successive generations to the present members of their Society'. Similarly, the Society of Friends as a whole is 'widely thought of as a closed shop to all but the most worthy of the worthy'. His 'new look', as he calls it, is searching and uninhibited. It focuses attention on shifts in Quaker witness as well as on elements of continuity, on tensions within individuals and within the Society as well as on cohesion and solidarity, and on the impact of society on the Quakers as well as on the impact of Quakers on society. The approach is often radical, and it is always refreshing. Mr Sykes is more interested in open doors than in closed shops, and his chocolate is neither branded nor soft-centred. He contrives to say new things about George Fox, to indicate clearly the dilemmas of Quakers as 'revolutionaries' before 1689, to chronicle the eighteenth-century story of how Quakers 'from being the shock troops of the Spirit' became 'the shock troops of commerce', and to illuminate the tangled relationship between Quakerism and Evangelicalism on both sides of the Atlantic in the nineteenth century. He is least strong on the moves from the nineteenth-century to the twentieth-century world, concentrating on the international perspectives of Quakerism and the role of Quakers as 'world citizens'. There is little about the making of the 'new Liberalism' and no detail about the 'new Labourism': even 'negative' judgments might have been worth while. The most illuminating points about the actual and potential Quaker contribution to the present are made not in the last chapter but in the first two.

A fuller study of the present would have entailed a closer examination of the work of the Rowntrees, one of the most remarkable Quaker families. Indeed, for the sake of fairness, a bar of Rowntree's chocolate must be considered to be as much of a stereotype as a bar of Cadbury's. Mr Sykes mentions two Rowntrees – John Stephenson and John Wilhelm. He does not mention either Joseph, John Wilhelm's father, or Seebohm, John Wilhelm's brother. Outside Quaker circles, they were both better known, the first for his studies of temperance, the second for his studies of modern society. John Wilhelm, indeed, once replied to the question 'Which Rowntree are *you?*' 'Oh, I am the brother of Poverty and the son of Drink'. Miss Vernon has written an admirable brief biography of Joseph (1836-1925), in which she traces both the inner development and the public work of one of the outstanding Quakers of his time, a man who was a pioneer of improved industrial relations and a patron of the 'new Liberalism'. One of her most interesting points is that Joseph prepared the way for much of the subsequent achievement of his son Seebohm, who played a far bigger part in national life. Both men owed as much to the practical strain in Quakerism as to the spiritual, if the two can be separated. They disliked general views, revelled in statistics, were suspicious of sentimentality. Talking of eighteenth-century Quakers, Mr Sykes remarks that they were 'the most free both from worldly tastes and from stultifying doctrines (and) their outlook was empirical, to the point, practical'. These attributes were important not only in consolidating *bourgeois* status in the eighteenth century but in criticising its comfortable assumptions at the end of a Victorian period. The criticism usually stopped short, however, at the boundaries of socialism. The reasons are to be found not only in Quaker thinking but in the isolation of Quakerism from the main streams of working-class life.

It is unfortunate that Mr Sykes's book lacks a bibliographical note and an index, and that Miss Vernon's has a rather skimpy list of 'books consulted'. The literature of Quakerism is in itself considerable, but so considerable have been the activities of Quakers that they can only be understood in terms of the whole literature of social history. In fact, both writers have read widely and both have made use of personal documents – the most revealing testimony – as well as of secondary commentaries. Readers who wish to pursue the subject further will have to do their own delving. They can perhaps draw their inspiration from the 'seeker' tradition, a tradition which ante-dated Quakerism, and, as Mr Sykes shows, is not irrelevant in the middle of the twentieth century.

ASA BRIGGS

Week-end Competition

No. 1,508 **Set by Buzfuz**

In a recent speech, Lord Kilmuir told of a student who, when asked whether he had read Einstein's Relativity, said 'No, I'm waiting for the film'. Readers are asked to give an extract, with suggestions for casting, from the script of this film or of the film of Archimedes's Principle, Boyle's Law, Pythagoras's Theorem, Gresham's Law, the second law of thermodynamics, Mendel's Law, Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle, or Parkinson's Law. Limit, 200 words; entries by January 27.

Result of No. 1,505 **Set by Janus**

The usual prizes are offered for a Valediction to 1958, in verse (any metre). Limit 16 lines.

Report

N. Gran spoke briefly for the very many denigrators of the dead year:

1958 – Good god!
1959 – Thank God!
1960 – Please God!

and almost as pessimistic was John Vallins who feared that the new year would –

– Like Sistine chimneys, blow both white and black.

Denis D. Constable opened well:

Farewell, oh year of Sputnik mirth,
Year when, as Shakespeare's sprite would hum it,
We 'put a girdle round the earth',
Yet got no nearer to a Summit.

Edgar Simpkins, parodying Clough, ended neatly:

Tho' not in eastern waters only
Did gunshots nearly start a fight,
In every land we crumbled slowly –
But nearly reached the moon in flight.

Another good parody – Housman this time – came from Gloria Prince, and I liked Martin Hollis's mixed Latin and English hexameters:

In coelis pipitant transmitting sputniks in orbit.

P. M., crowding a host of memories into an entertaining verse notches up three guineas. Rhoda Tuck Pook and R. A. McKenzie win a guinea each, and I feel that G. J. Blundell and Little Billee deserve half a guinea for brevity and wit. Runners-up are Allan M. Laing, H. A. C. Evans, Michael Doris, Martin Hollis, Lyndon Irving.

VALEDICTION TO 1958

He's sinking fast, worn-out poor chap – he had a lot to bear;
That Thorney patch of government, then strikes on ev'rywhere,
And riots mobs and marches over bombs – or kinky hair.

He worried about moon rockets – spending sleepless nights
On Jordan, Cyprus, Malta, and Iceland's fishing rights –
Or Army badges, Wolfenden, Peeresses, Comet flights.

He had his lighter moments (the hula hoops were fun) –
My Fair Lady, the Atomium, the Pools those bobbies won.
He gave the Welsh a princeling – and west Scotland all the sun!

I think he must have favoured me: I found that eagle's nest,
And learned to ski; my cactus bloomed; I passed the driving test;
I got an *NS* prize! . . . And now, he's left me a bequest:

Some new notes (Treasury) of songs; of wisdom; a few pence;
A bond or two – of friendship, with interest (immense)
A fund to draw on – held in Trust of next year's providence!

Pull up the sheet – peace rest upon 'm –
I liked him,
and . . .
'nil nisi bonum'.

P. M.

Farewell! You are too dear for my possessing,
And I am glad to see your back at last;
Taxed out of reason by obscure assessing,
Should I be likely to extol your past?
At first you bulged with an obscene inflation,
Since by an economic corset stayed;
Can you expect me to evince elation
At that new look for which, alas, *I* paid?
What can you boast of notable achieving
But Sputniks, coshings, Rent Act, strikes and such?
What, on the credit side, for our relieving?
Apart from *My Fair Lady*, nothing much.
'Goodbye' were far too pious for your kind –
The devil take you quickly out of mind!

RHODA TUCK POOK

The time is gone when promises proved hollow?
Goodbye, Old Year; and greetings, Year to Come?
Forget the Past, and crown the Age to follow?
So Tweedledee gives place to Tweedledum!

Why should we then engrave upon a tombstone
Your number, when it isn't really up?
Why speak of you as dead in solemn doom's tone,
When for a corpus we've been sold a pup?

You – such a crooked year, whose crooked work'll
Most roundly be condemned by all the straight –
Now (with no revolution) come full circle,
To bring your crooked spokesmen up to date!

So New Year's Day crops up again like Monday:
They've cleared away cold Cyprus – much the worst;
And now we'll have the whole damn salmagundi
To start again, with Cyprus maybe first.

R. A. MCKENZIE

Sullen, tempestuous, moody, thus
You rained your bitter tears on us.
Dead, you receive the judgment due:
We cannot shed a tear for you.

G. J. BLUNDELL

Hey diddle, diddle, the year's been a fiddle, –
The Yanks didn't jump to the moon, –
The little dog laughed, in his Sputnik craft, –
And May's team runs away with the spoon.

LITTLE BILLEE

The Chess Board

No. 479. The Hastings Tradition

That tradition (so well revived in recent years by F. A. Rhoden's vigorous stewardship) is now nearly 64 years old, and what pleases me most about every new congress is the undiminished strength of our personal links with the first and most famous of all Hastings Tournaments. I was delighted to find Sir George Thomas happily reminiscing about the 1895 Congress which he attended as a schoolboy watching his mother win the Ladies' Tournament. Equally keen onlookers this year were A. D. Hall and H. F. Cheshire who told me what a busy boy he was in 1895 when helping his father to copy all the score sheets for that famous Book of the Tournament. But these three, of course, are mere striplings in the monocled eye of 93-year-old Douglas Fawcett who, a competitor rather than a *kibitzer*, hasn't missed one of the last ten Hastings Congresses. I'll have space for some more games the week after next; meanwhile, here's Uhlmann-Darga, the best of some very good games to ensure the victor's well deserved success.

(1) P-QB4, Kt-KB3; (2) Kt-QB3, P-K3; (3) P-Q4, B-Kt5; (4) P-K3, P-B4; (5) Kt-B3, O-O; (6) B-Q3, P-Q4; (7) O-O, QPxP; (8) BxBP-QKt3; (9) Q-K2, B-Kt2; (10) R-Q1, PxP; (11) PxP, BxKt; (12) PxB, Q-B2; (13) B-Q3, QxBP. [It has yet to be proved whether this P-snatch is quite as dangerous as it is supposed to be, and being out for a do-or-die game Darga decided to test it.] (14) B-Kt2, Q-Kt5; (15) P-QR4, R-B1; (16) Kt-K5. [In the *post mortem* Uhlmann agreed with his opponent that B-R3 might have been stronger.] Q-Q3; (17) R-R3!, Kt-B3; (18) B-Kt1, R-Q1; (19) Kt-Kt4! [Darga told me that he had underrated the strength of this move in making the Black K-wing defenceless], KtxKt; (20) QxKt, P-B4; (21) Q-R5, P-Kt3; (22) Q-R6, Q-B1; (23) Q-K3, Q-B3; (24) B-R2, R-Q3; (25) Q-K2, QR-Q1; (26) P-Q5, Q-B2; (27) R(3)-Q3, B-R3; (28) PxP!, Q-K2; (29) RxR!, resigns.

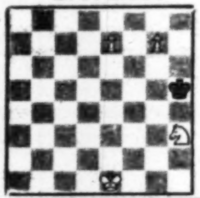
Here—Portisch-Gereben—is the interesting position after Black's 28th; /2r5/4ppk1/6p1/1p2P2P/2q2P2/4Q3/P5PK/3R4/.

(29) R-Q7, R-B2; (30) P-R6 ch, KxP; (31) P-B5 ch, K-Kt2; (32) P-B6 ch, PxP; (33) PxP ch, KxP; (34) Q-K7 ch, K-B4; (35) RxR, Q-B5 ch; (36) K-Kt1, Q-Q5 ch; (37) K-B1, Q-KB5 ch; (38) K-K2, Q-Kt5 ch; (39) K-Q3, Q-Q8 ch; (40) K-B3, resigns.

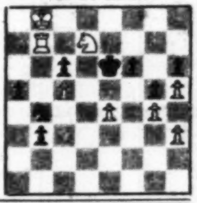
And here, in space-saving Forsyth, is **A**, the 4-pointer for beginners: /r3k2r/pp1kt1ppp/2p1p3/5b2/PbKtPq3/2Kt5/1P1K2PP/R1BQ1B1R/. Won by Geza Füster, *not* at Hastings 1959, but at Budapest 1936. Banking on the Kt-pin, Black had just played . . . Qxe4; how was he disillusioned?

For 6 and 7 ladder-points B and C are both wins. Usual prizes. Entries by 26 January.

B: F. Lazard



C: F. Lazard



REPORT on No. 475. Set 20 December.

A: (1) Kt-Q8 ch, R-K3 ch; (2) P-B6 ch, Kt-K4 ch; (3) B x R ch, Kt-Q6 ch; (4) P-Kt4 mate

B: (1) . . . R-K6; (2) B-Q3, K-R4!! etc.

C: (1) Q-K2, P x P; (2) Kt x B, Q x Kt; (3) R x P ch, K-Kt8; (4) R x P ch, K-B8; (5) Q-K1 ch, K x R; (6) Q-B1 ch, K x Q mate Or (1) . . . Q x P; (2) R x Q ch, K-Kt8; (3) R x P ch, K-B8; (4) Q-K1 ch, K x R; (5) B-Kt8! B-Kt8; (6) Q-B1 ch, K x Q mate

D: (1) Q-R4; (2) B-R4; (3) B-Q7; (4) Kt-Q2; (5) B-K5; (6) Q-R6 ch; (7) B-K6; (8) Kt(2)-K4; (9) B-KB4; (10) B-K3; (11) Q-R5; (12) B-Q4; (13) K-K6; (14) B-KB6; (15) Q-Kt6 ch; (16) Kt-K2; (17) B-Q4 mate

E: (1) B-B6! (P-B6?), K-Q3(P-R7?); (2) B-K7 ch! K-K4! (K-Q4?); (3) B-Q8! K-Q3; (4) B-K7 ch, K-B3; (5) P-B6! P-R7; (6) B-B8! (K-B8?), P=Q; (7) B-R6!! and the K will safely reach KKt7, remaining unassailable.

F: (1) P-K7, P-Kt5 ch!; (2) K-Kt3!, P-R5 (best); (3) K-R2!, P-Kt6 ch; (4) K-R3!, Kt-Kt4 ch (best); (5) Kt x Kt, Q x Kt; (6) Kt-B6!!, Q-K7 (best); (7) Kt-K5!!, Q-KR4!; (8) Kt-Kt6! (Kt-B7?), Q-K7 (best); (9) Kt-K5!, Q-QKt4; (10) Kt-B6 and draws. If (7) . . . Q x Kt; (8) KtP=Q ch, K x Q; (9) P=Q ch, Q x Q.

Alternatives for **D** accepted. Prizes: E. A. Barclay-Smith, R. C. Chaturvedi, J. R. Harman, A. J. Roycroft, A. J. Sobey.

REPORT on No. 476. Set 27 December.

A: (1) . . . KtxP!; (2) QxKtP?, QxB!; (3) QxR ch?, K-Q2; (4) QxR, Q-B8 ch; (5) K-K2, QxBP ch; (6) K-K3, QxBP ch; (7) K-Q3, P-B5 ch; (8) KxKt, P-B4 mate.

B: (1) K-Kt8! (R-B3?), R-Kt7 ch; (2) K-R8, R-B7; (3) R-B6 ch, K-R4; (4) K-Kt7, R-Kt7 ch; (5) K-R7, R-B7; (6) R-B5 ch, K-R5; (7) K-Kt7, R-Kt7 ch; (8) K-R6, R-B7; (9) R-B4 ch, K-R6; (10) K-Kt6, R-Kt7 ch; (11) K-R5, R-B7; (12) R-B3 ch, and RxP etc.

C: (1) Kt-B3 ch, K-B7 (best): (2) Kt-Q1!, KxKt; (3) K-R8!, K-K8; (4) R-Kt2, P=Q; (5) R-Kt1 etc.

Not so easy, but nearly a score of correct solutions. Prizes: J. W. Ecelson, R. Hayward, W. T. Maccall, M. Rumney, M. B. Yeats.

ASSIAC

MARTINS BANK LIMITED

SIR A. HAROLD BIBBY'S REVIEW

INCREASED DIVIDEND AND CAPITALISATION
AN ADVENTUROUS YEAR FOR ENGLISH BANKING

Sir A. Harold Bibby, D.S.O., D.L., Chairman of Martins Bank Limited, in the course of his Statement to Shareholders said, inter alia:—

Your Board feel that the time has arrived to increase the capital of the Bank and to raise the dividend.

Resolutions will be submitted to shareholders on 11th February authorising the issue of one new share for every four held on 24th January, 1959, by way of capitalisation of reserves. A transfer from the Bank's contingency fund will then be made to restore the published reserve to £5,500,000.

Your Directors recommend an increase in the current dividend from 15% to 20% on the present Issued Capital for the year 1958 by paying a final dividend of 12½% instead of 7½%. In doing so it is the intention of your Board, unless unforeseen circumstances occur, to equalize the interim and final dividends at 8% each, making 16% per annum on the increased capital which will be equivalent to 20% per annum on the present Issued Capital.

Profits

Your Board have reviewed the Bank's earnings and growth of reserves since the end of the war and, while internal reserves continually require to be augmented, your Board consider that a larger proportion of our profits can be disclosed and distributed. This does not mean that substantially higher profits have been earned in 1958 than in recent years but rather that some easement in the necessity of allocations to reserves can now be countenanced with safety.

The net profit for the year ended 31st December, 1958 (inclusive of a dividend of 5% actual from Lewis's Bank amounting to £28,750 net) is £1,050,805 which compares with £901,402 in 1957. The past year has been a period of steadily falling money rates with no less than five changes in Bank Rate from the peak of 7%. Despite this, conditions have been generally favourable to our operations.

New Interests

It has been an adventurous year for English banking. No major developments could be made while the credit squeeze was in operation but it was clear that with the country's improving economy these restrictions would be lifted.

Early negotiations were, therefore, started and culminated in an equal joint venture with the Westminster Bank to subscribe for new shares in the Mercantile Credit Company Limited which will ultimately result in each bank holding 20% of the paid-up capital of this company which is one of the leading and most experienced in the hire purchase business.

In July 1958 Martins also acquired the full share capital of Lewis's Bank which has nine branches in the department stores, including Selfridges, of the Lewis's Investment Group. This has brought us over 130,000 additional new customers.

In addition, the Personal Loans Scheme has been introduced which it is felt will provide a welcome facility for those who require this particular type of advance.

Since the last report twelve new branches have been opened which with the nine Lewis's Bank branches raises the combined total of our branches to six hundred and thirty-three. Moreover, a new branch will be opened shortly which will incorporate "drive-in" banking facilities as a contribution towards easement of transport problems for our customers.

So much for our domestic endeavours.

Confidence in the Future

The courageous steps taken by our Government in 1957 arrested the downward trend in our national fortunes and today with our foreign trade in better balance and with the added degree of convertibility of sterling and the cooperation of other European countries in freeing currency restrictions, provided a check can be held on inflation, we can face the future with some optimism.

An exuberance of spending could easily lead into even graver financial difficulties than those from which we are just recovering. Capital can only be increased from genuine savings, whether Governmental, industrial or individual, but capital investment can also be made by borrowing and it is this aspect which has to be so carefully watched.

The Government have now decided to alter their methods of controlling bank lending should this again be necessary. For a number of years the banks have received "directives" which they faithfully followed. This system worked, but in future in times of monetary difficulties, the Bank of England can call upon the Clearing Banks and certain others to make special deposits at the Bank of England and thus restrict the ability of the banks to make new loans for the time being.

Prosperity Through Mutual Understanding

The year under review has been marred by unofficial strikes or inter-union quarrels largely over demarcation of work. Both sides of industry have not yet acquired the belief that the welfare of both employers and employed is wrapped up in the prosperity of their industry. Mutual confidence cannot be built up overnight. It can only come from trust engendered by experience over a considerable time, and it is surely worthwhile for both employers and employed to make a concerted effort to be in very much closer contact so that mutual trust and understanding can prosper. The employees' leaders would find their work very much easier in this atmosphere.

So much of our industrial trouble has arisen through unofficial bodies being set up and the authority of official leaders being flouted. Every industry and each business would have to work out its own particular form of approach, but without doubt the time spent where this was done seriously would bring prosperity where otherwise there might well be strife.

In the banking sphere the employees themselves through their own elected representatives of their staff associations have a ready access, freely availed of, for consultation on conditions of employment.

May I close my remarks by recording my thanks to my colleagues on our various Boards, to our management and staff from Mr. Conacher to the last joined recruit for their loyal and enthusiastic work during the last year.

STEWARTS AND LLOYDS LIMITED

FACTORS AFFECTING THE YEAR'S RESULTS

HOME AND OVERSEAS TRADING POSITION

FINANCING LARGE-SCALE DEVELOPMENT PROJECTS

MR A. G. STEWART ON CURRENT AND FUTURE PROSPECTS

The 69th Annual General Meeting of Stewarts and Lloyds Limited will be held in the Merchants' Hall, 30 George Square, Glasgow, on Tuesday 10 February, 1959, at 12.15 p.m. The Accounts for the fifty-two weeks ended 27 September, 1958, have been circulated with a Statement by MR. A. G. STEWART, the Chairman, which reads as follows:—

Shareholders will have noted from the dividend declaration that this year's financial results show a decline from the record figures of the previous year.

The profit of the whole Group amounted to £14,265,000 before tax and before charging £1,580,000 for Fixed Assets Replacement Reserve. The table set out below shows the proportions in which the decrease in the profits of £3,986,000 as compared with the previous year is accounted for as between Stewarts and Lloyds, Limited, as a manufacturing company, home subsidiaries, and the earnings from trade investments and overseas companies.

	Profit £	% of Total Profit	Decrease £	
S. and L. Ltd.	8,510,000	59	2,477,000	23%
Home Subsidiaries	3,230,000	23	1,389,000	30%
Trade Investments and Overseas Companies	2,525,000	18	120,000	5%
	£14,265,000	100	£3,986,000	

These results will, I think, come as no surprise to shareholders, bearing in mind what I said as to future trading prospects in my statement with last year's Report and Accounts and my remarks at last year's Annual General Meeting. Further, a statement was issued at the time of the interim dividend declaration last June recording not only a falling-off in home trade demand but that our export trade, particularly to the Oil Industry, was seriously affected. It was stated that practically all our works were on short-time with the result that the profits of the year ending September, 1958, would be substantially lower than those of the preceding year.

It will be remembered that as far back as the beginning of 1957 I reported a falling-off in home trade demand for general purpose tubes up to 4" diameter which comprises the largest single section of our business. I now have to report that from the early part of the year under review there was a considerable reduction in demand for casing, tubing and line pipe for the Oil Industry. This fall in demand is not peculiar to Stewarts and Lloyds but has also affected American and Continental producers.

The effect of these events on the earnings of the U.K. Group is shown by the fact that its estimated profits for the last three months of the financial year ended 27 September, 1958, are about half those of the corresponding three months of 1957.

However, in view of the amount of cover still available, your Directors have no hesitation in proposing the same rate of Ordinary Dividend as last year.

TRADING POSITION

The total tonnages despatched during the year were:—

	52 weeks ended 27 September, 1958			52 weeks ended 28 September, 1957	
	Tons	% of Total	% Variation on 1956/57	Tons	% of Total
Steel Tubes:					
Home, excluding Oil	424,000	49	− 12	480,000	50
Oil Industry—Home	39,000	5	− 33	58,000	6
Export, excluding Oil	186,000	21	− 6	198,000	20
Oil Industry—Export	217,000	25	− 7	233,000	24
	866,000	100	− 11	969,000	100
Spun Iron Pipes and Castings:					
Home	247,000	74	− 4	256,000	70
Export	87,000	26	− 21	110,000	30
	334,000	100	− 9	366,000	100

(a) Stewarts and Lloyds Limited

As will be seen, 866,000 tons of steel tubes were despatched in the year compared with 969,000 tons in the previous year. The low level of home trade demand for general purpose tubes in sizes up to 4" diameter continued until the end of the year, since when some slight improvement became evident. De-stocking by merchants and consumers has continued but with stocks now being maintained at minimum levels the year ended with a realistic order book.

The demand for quality tubes throughout our range of manufacture, which had been satisfactory until towards the end of 1957, fell away considerably during 1958 due to a contraction in demand from consumer industries affected by the general recession in trade and cuts in Government spending, one important instance of which, so far as we are concerned, being the retarding by twelve months of the nuclear power plant programmes. However, several important orders for pipework for Nuclear Power Stations have been executed, and a number of contracts have still to be completed. The prospects of future business in this field are most promising. We also have a good order book for large diameter mains.

During the year we commenced the manufacture of Rectangular Hollow Sections for structural and mechanical purposes. Initial experience confirms our belief that there is a wide use for members of this kind.

In export markets our order load from Oil Industry customers at the beginning of the financial year was sufficient to keep our works fully employed for six months ahead. It was clear at that time, however, that the immediate needs of the Oil Industry were being satisfied and that with reduced drilling activity a fall in the volume of new orders could be expected. By January, 1958, many of our oil company customers were not only unable to place new orders, but in some cases were cancelling existing orders. Others continued to purchase but on a much reduced scale.

The figures in the table opposite show a fall in the volume of despatches for export to the Oil Industry in the year under review of 7% in comparison with the record figures of the previous year. This reduction is very much smaller than the reduction in the volume of orders booked during the year and a further substantial fall in Oil Industry export despatches in the current financial year must be expected.

Export demand from customers, other than the Oil Industry, has remained fairly steady, but competition has become more severe partly as a result of new tube manufacturers having started operations on the Continent. Export prices overall have for the first time since before the war been lower than home trade prices.

Despatches of manipulated pressure pipework were around the previous year's level, but the value of orders received in the year was substantially down on that for 1957. Competition is intense and prices have not been very remunerative.

Our tube works operated in 1957/58 at 79% of capacity in producing 815,000 tons as compared with 93% of capacity in 1956/57, when 969,000 tons were produced. The reduced operations at our tube works have resulted in a reduced rate of working in the iron and steel works, which is referred to later in this statement, though this has been offset to some extent by increased sales of semi-finished steel and hot rolled strip. As the general decline in demand for steel products has progressed it has become more difficult to find outlets at home for increasing quantities of semis and strip, but we have been able to make some sales in export markets, though at very low prices.

In the home trade average prices obtained for steel tubes durng the year were higher than in the previous year, due partly to a change in the composition of the order book. The increase in prices rather more than absorbed increases in costs of raw materials and freights. This advantage, however, was outweighed by the relatively lower level of export prices for general purpose tubes. It should also be noted that since the end of the financial year the British Transport Commission announced its intention to increase freight charges on raw materials for the iron and steel industry by 7½% and, following the Engineering Award in October, 1958, wages of certain of our men have been increased.

(b) The Stanton Ironworks Company Limited

Despatches of spun iron pipes and iron castings in the home market were maintained at a level only slightly below that of the previous year. In the export trade, however, owing to a world-wide recession in demand, despatches fell by 21%. India's continued restrictions on imports, the unsettled state of the Middle East, and the increasing development of local manufacture in overseas markets, contributed to this result. Stanton was, however, able to maintain a proportionate share of business in world markets in spite of increasing competition from other exporting countries.

Vertically cast iron pipes for use as water mains have now been largely superseded by prestressed concrete pipes, of which Stanton is the only producer in the U.K. Despatches during the year were more than 45% greater than in the previous year. Despatches of concrete products, other than prestressed concrete pipes, were maintained at approximately the same level as in the previous year.

The foundry iron market remained weak and Stanton's despatches of pig iron were down overall by 24%. A marked decline in home demand for high phosphoric foundry iron was partly offset by increased sales of low phosphoric foundry iron in the home and export markets. A changed pattern of demand from iron foundries has now become evident in which a tendency towards the use of lower phosphoric irons is increasing.

Requirements of steelmakers for outside purchases of basic pig iron fell away sharply during the year. This, combined with the decline in demand for foundry iron, meant that furnace capacity was not fully occupied. Total pig iron production represented slightly less than 75% of available furnace capacity.

(c) Tubewrights Limited

Our wholly owned subsidiary, Tubewrights, was engaged during the year in a variety of important work in the structural field. This included the construction for the roofs of the new hangars and workshops at London Airport. After prolonged design and development work, the Electricity Authorities in this country have accepted Transmission Line Towers of tubular construction and pilot orders are now being executed.

Turnover for the year under review was the highest yet achieved, but as a result of the decreased demand for capital goods, the value of orders outstanding at the end of the year was considerably below that twelve months earlier.

(d) Stewarts and Lloyds Plastics Limited

During our first year of marketing polythene tubes, primarily for cold water services, we obtained a good share of the available business against severe competition.

Experience continues to indicate that, in their present form, plastic tubes are not likely to take any great tonnage away from steel.

FUTURE TRADING PROSPECTS

Prospects in the home trade for 1959 for general purpose tubes are on the whole more encouraging than they were a year ago owing to the stimulus now being given by the Government to public expenditure.

On the other hand, there are no firm indications of any early revival in demand for casing, tubing and line pipe for the Oil Industry. As I have stated above, 1959 prospects for this section of our business are not favourable, and a significant reduction in turnover in 1959 compared with 1958 would not be surprising.

So far as Stanton is concerned, its main business in the home market is largely dependent on public investment expenditure and is especially susceptible to Government economic policy. It is expected that the easing of credit restrictions and the positive encouragement now given by the Government to public investment spending will create an improved demand for cast iron pipes and concrete products in the current year. There are at present no indications of revival in the foundry iron market, although in this sector also recent Government action is expected to produce some increased activity.

Whilst immediate prospects are less favourable than for many years past and fully justify the note of caution that I sounded last year, I have no misgivings about the longer-term future. There is nothing novel in striking fluctuations in demand for general purpose tubes, and I see no reason to doubt that with the expansion in the general economy that we all expect, and the continued widening of their use, the demand for these tubes will in due time reach and indeed exceed its previous peak. I am also quite confident that demand from the Oil Industry will revive, and in due course greatly expand.

ACCOUNTS AND FINANCE

The accounts are presented in similar form to that used last year. The actual liability for U.K. Income Tax on profits of the year is reduced considerably due to the fall in trading profit and also because of the increased capital allowances, which amount to £1,900,000 compared with £692,000 in the previous year and arise from the heavy capital expenditure. Since the effect of these allowances is to defer payment of income tax they have been added to the amount set aside for equalisation of taxation.

It will be noted that in the U.K. Group of Companies the bank overdrafts increased during the year by £4,500,000 and at 27 September, 1958, amounted to a total of £6,100,000 in spite of a reduction in stocks of almost £3,000,000. The chief reason for increased borrowing arises from our capital development programme which during the year in the U.K. Group amounted to a record total of £16,300,000.

It will be recalled that last year I stated that the balances of schemes aproved at the end of September, 1957, amounted to £41,000,000. It should be remembered that when our plans were made for this substantial capital development, conditions of national and world trade gave grounds for an expectation of a more rapid expansion of demand than has taken place or seems likely in the immediate future.

Under these conditions your Board have reviewed carefully the whole of the development programme. It has been possible to rephase the rate at which some of the schemes are progressing and thus to reduce the rate of expenditure, particularly during the current financial year. It will, however, be appreciated that some of the major schemes are on the point of completion and no postponement of expenditure on these projects is possible.

The immediate reductions in expenditure that have arisen as a result of this review amount to about £6,000,000 during the current financial year.

In spite of this revision, it is still likely that the amount of capital expenditure during the current financial year will approximate to the amount spent during the year to September, 1958. The balance of schemes approved at 27 September, 1958, amounted to £28,000,000.

Your Board have had it constantly in mind during the past two years that our capital expenditure programme could not continue to be financed entirely out of retained profits even if the profit level were maintained, and that recourse must increasingly be had to borrowing and to consideration of a capital issue.

Your Board have been unwilling to raise new money of a permanent or semi-permanent nature on the unattractive terms arising from the political uncertainties surrounding the Steel Industry. The alternative that we have sought, therefore, is to approach our Bankers for their assistance. This has been forthcoming in full measure and we are assured of substantial support from them for a limited period, after which it is hoped that we shall then be in a position to judge how best to clear the major part of our indebtedness.

OPERATIONS AND DEVELOPMENTS

(a) Ironstone

There was a substantial fall in the output of the Group which was 26% lower at 4,200,000 tons. The demand for ironstone for the furnaces producing foundry iron was particularly low.

We are still planning to increase our ironstone capacity within the next few years but some of this additional capacity may not be required quite so early as was previously anticipated.

The construction of a new large walking dragline has been commenced and this machine will go into production this year. It will be installed in an existing quarry where the depth of overburden will increase beyond the capacity of the existing excavator. The jib boom will again be of welded tubular construction.

Production has now started in our new underground mine in Rutland but owing to the difficult conditions which have been encountered underground the rate of development has been relatively slow.

I referred last year to the survey which, at the request of the Iron and Steel Board, we had agreed to carry out jointly with the United Steel Companies

[Continued from previous page]

Limited in the Northampton Sand Ironstone Bed in Rutland and South Lincolnshire. Work has proceeded as rapidly as possible and the Company has now obtained consents from 44 landowners to bore over an area of 24,000 acres. Approximately 100 boreholes have already been put down. The programme is an extensive one and it will be some time before it is possible to arrive at any conclusions.

The Company has a half-share in the Oxfordshire Ironstone Company Limited which, last year, produced 1,300,000 tons of ironstone against a capacity of 2,000,000 tons. There are indications of a substantial increase in the demand on this field in a few year's time and plans are accordingly being prepared to increase capacity.

(b) Blast Furnaces

Pig iron production from Stewart and Lloyds' furnaces at Corby, Wellingborough and Bilston during the year under review was some 74% of the previous year's output. The internal demand was, of course, affected by the steelworks' operating programme, and the customary external iron sales practically ceased.

We expect to maintain our Corby blast furnace operations at a reasonable level during the current year, but operations at Wellingborough and Bilston furnaces are likely to continue on a restricted basis.

The additional ore preparation equipment at Corby, to which I referred last year, is now in operation and is providing improved facilities for preparing and sintering our Northamptonshire ores.

At the Corby blast furnaces, blowing equipment of increased capacity will be in service by June, 1959, and additional equipment for handling the blast furnace iron will come into service at about the same time.

At Stanton, good progress is being made with the new ore preparation plant which, it is expected, will be fully commissioned by the middle of 1959.

(c) Steel Works and Rolling Mills

Ingot steel production, as will be seen from page 25 of the Report and Accounts, fell from last year's record figure of 1,545,000 tons to 1,323,000 tons. The indications are that we shall be able to maintain Bessemer steel production at Corby at a reasonable level during the current financial year but that there will be considerable open hearth and electric furnace steelmaking capacity at Bilston, Clydesdale and Corby Works unfilled for the time being.

While strip mill and heavy rolling mill operations at Corby are likely to continue at a reasonable level, the rolling mills at Bilston may be working well under capacity loading.

Among major developments, it should be mentioned that the first stage of the reconstruction of the Corby heavy rolling mills should be completed in 1959. The replacement of the old blooming mill by a new 48″ mill was carried out in December, 1958, an undertaking which reflects great credit on all concerned.

The new Corby tonnage oxygen plant, although actually installed, is, most unfortunately, not yet available for use owing to a faulty design which the contractors are now correcting.

At Bilston, the first of the new oil-fired open hearth furnaces came into successful operation last September.

Work on the installation of the new rolling mill plant, to which I referred last year, is proceeding and it is expected that the new mills, with their resulting economies, will be in operation in mid-1959.

At Clydesdale, the sixth open hearth furnace has now been completed and new steel casting facilities will shortly be available.

(d) Tube Works

Good progress has been made with the installation of the new Extrusion Plant at our Prothero Works, Wednesbury, for the manufacture of small diameter seamless tubes, and this unit is planned to commence operation in a few months' time.

Plans for the supply of Extreme Line Casing from tubes rolled at our new Seamless Mill at Clydesdale Works are now well advanced.

Reference was made last year to our plans for installing an Electric Resistance Weld tube plant at Shotton. The site has now been filled and building foundations are nearly complete. The main mill equipment is in an advanced stage of manufacture.

I have referred earlier to the present state of our order book, particularly in so far as the Oil Industry is concerned. We feel, therefore, that with capacity being available in our existing tube plants it may be some little time before a demand materialises for our Shotton project.

(e) General

The new building to house our Department of Research and Technical Development at Corby is now complete and in use. Much thought was put into the design of this building to enable it to meet our needs for many years to come, and we feel sure that it will be both a material aid and an incentive to all who work in it.

Reference was made last year to a LEO computer which the Company was proposing to install. This was delivered in April, and within three weeks was successfully doing the payroll work planned for it. It is our intention to extend the computer's activities as fast as we can.

OVERSEAS COMPANIES

South Africa and Southern Rhodesia

The turnover of the Stewarts and Lloyds of South Africa Group during the year under review was £13,600,000 as compared with £14,600,000 in the previous year.

The Vereeniging Tube Works had a sharp decline in production due to a falling off in demand mainly in respect of screwed and socketed tubes. The position was aggravated by the increasing cost of wages, fuel, power and consumable stores. At various times during the year some departments had to be placed on short time.

The demand for tubular structures is continuing and it was necessary to erect a new Bay for the further development of this department.

There was an improvement in the demand for non-ferrous and plastic tubes. Increased production facilities for the latter are contemplated.

The Que Que tube works of the South African Company were similarly affected, but here again an increase in tubular structures compensated to a considerable extent for the drop in output from the tube works.

During the year Stewarts and Lloyds of South Africa acquired the business of the Eagle Tube Company (Proprietary) Limited as a going concern. The main reason was that the time had arrived to increase their capacity for certain types of tubes and to operate the Company's works at Vereeniging more economically by concentrating on their standard products without the disruption caused by the more specialised lines. The Eagle Tube Company Works are at Germiston.

Australia

The Tubemakers of Australia Limited group of Companies has had a successful year. Production, in terms of steel consumed, at 279,000 tons and Sales at £A.34,000,000 were both higher than any previous year and profits were more than maintained. Export work accounted for rather more than 10% of total sales and new markets are being developed.

In spite of the fall in wool prices, on which Australia's economy and prosperity so much depend, the new financial year has made a good start and prospects for the remainder of the year are considered to be hopeful.

New Zealand

Results for the year were satisfactory. As a result of falling prices for New Zealand exports, import licensing was imposed on 1 January, 1958. Turnover has, however, been maintained in the year under review but this has been achieved at the expense of stocks which will be hard to replace until sufficient import licences are available.

So far, no reduction in the demand for steel products has been felt but with less money available for investment, the level of consumption could be affected in the future.

India

The Indian Tube Company (1953) *Limited*

The despatches of tubes made on the Continuous Weld plant increased by 30% compared with their previous year to 45,000 tons. The demand for this class of pipe has increased at a faster rate than was envisaged but additional facilities for finishing will be completed in a few months' time, when the limit to productive capacity will probably be the amount of skelp allocated by Government.

The production of cold rolled strip and Electric Resistance Weld cycle and other tubes has improved now that the initial difficulties regarding supply of hot rolled strip have been overcome. There is also a heavy demand for the products from these plants, and with additional annealing capacity shortly becoming available there should be a considerable step-up in production during the coming year.

The Seamless plant is nearing completion and should be ready for trials early in 1959.

Stewarts and Lloyds of India, Private Limited

This Company has had another profitable year. It has virtually ceased to be a merchant concern and its activities are now almost entirely concerned with the fabrication and erection of both pressure pipe work and structures.

The Company has a very satisfactory order book.

Canada

Stewarts and Lloyds of Canada Limited had a more difficult year than last year. The demand for all categories of tubes was lower and increased capacity was available from Canadian tube plants. The Canadian Government for the first time imposed a tariff on imports of oil well casing and tubing, which nevertheless is preferential.

Ireland

Stewarts and Lloyds of Ireland Limited has had another satisfactory year and although demand has been low, the fall in trade there has not been so great as in the United Kingdom

MR JAMES MITCHELL

It was announced in October, 1958, that Mr Mitchell had resigned from the Board. He joined Stewarts and Lloyds in 1908 from the staff of the Metallurgical Department of the Royal Technical College, Glasgow, where he had received his training.

Mr Mitchell, during those 50 years, held various appointments of increasing responsibility and he became a Member of the Board in 1947.

The authority of his knowledge on all matters appertaining to Iron and Steel was accepted both in this country and abroad and was recognised by the Iron and Steel Institute in 1950 when he received the Bessemer Medal. I am sure it would be your wish to thank him for his long and faithful service to the Company.

EMPLOYEES

We very much regret that difficult trading conditions in the U.K. have led to some employees being laid off. Wherever possible we have found them alternative employment within the Company. If this was not possible, we have endeavoured to confine the redundancy to employees of retiral age or with short service. Redundancy compensation has been paid in the few cases where employees have been paid off who are ineligible for a pension and have appreciable service.

I would like to thank all employees at home and abroad for the notable part they play and to say how much we appreciate their loyal services.

NATIONALISATION

Shareholders will recall the resolution on this subject adopted by such a striking majority at last year's Annual General Meeting. Thus encouraged, your Directors have not been inactive. Shareholders will have noticed advertisements and correspondence in the local and national Press. More recently they have received a booklet entitled "20 Questioners". This booklet has also been sent to all employees and pensioners, all members of the House of Commons and to many other persons and associations. Other activities have been and are being undertaken.

Apart from this short report, I propose to deal with the subject fully in my address at the Annual General Meeting.

City Lights

Viking Perplexed

Hambros, you will remember, is one of the two merchant banks responsible for giving bad advice to the board of British Aluminium and for then organising a syndicate of City houses in an unsuccessful attempt to protect the board from the consequences of this advice. On Monday a letter appeared in *The Times* from Mr Olaf Hambro, head of the clan. It began by stating that the BA board was supported by 'practically the whole of the representatives of the City'. Then, petulantly, came the point. 'It is very unclear,' Mr Hambro continued, 'why the majority of the City editors of the press seemed to be against City opinion and openly wrote in favour of the takeover bid.'

In this case, I think, the obvious is worth labouring. To take Mr Hambro's first point first. What precisely is the City? And who are its representatives? Mr. Hambro evidently believes that the answer is still what it was a century ago – Grandma and a handful of attendant institutions. But of what use is a representative with nobody to represent? The merchant banks are not what they were, partly because financial conditions have changed, partly because the established banks have lacked the vigour needed to keep up with the change: they play their old part with conviction only on ceremonial occasions. One disadvantage from which the City suffers, in fact, is that it lacks recognised and efficient representatives; nobody has yet been rude enough to interrupt Mr Hambro's dreams. My impression, and any impression may be wrong, is that the vast majority of people with any interest in the BA affair were alienated by the board's original action in keeping mum about the TI offer and quietly slipping one-third of the company to Alcoa at a price many stockholders were bound to think cheap. They were relieved to see holders offered an attractive price by TI, contemptuous of the board's attempt to match it by paying out the whole of its profit as dividend, and definitely angry when the syndicate intervened to protect the board with a partial bid of the kind which orthodox City opinion condemns. Whatever vestigial right Mr Hambro and his associates retained to be regarded as representatives of the City they have now forfeited.

It is Mr Hambro's second point, however, which takes one's breath. It is not quite true, of course, that the City editors were all firm against the BA board from the outset, though almost all came down on the right side when TI's victory became inevitable. What Mr Hambro objects to, however, is the fact that the City press was not automatically and wholeheartedly on the side of the City establishment.

The more you think about this, the odder it seems. There exists a network of established City houses, we now know, run by men who not only regard themselves as the unquestioned representatives of the City but who are ready to use all their influence and a large part of the funds entrusted to them by stockholders and clients to bolster up the position of their friends. This would be enough. But these people also assume, it appears, that the natural function of the financial press is not to give investors honest advice but to induce them to do what the self-styled representatives of the City would like them to do. This is not cynicism, since it is proclaimed openly in *The Times*, but impudence so sweeping and so anachronistic as to be rather endearing. There must be many things which are very unclear to Mr Hambro.

TAURUS

COMPANY MEETING

BARCLAYS BANK LIMITED

MR A. W. TUKE'S ADDRESS

THE BANK'S AFFAIRS

The Annual General Meeting for the year 1959 of the Stockholders will be held at the Head Office of the Bank, 54 Lombard Street, London, EC3, on Wednesday, 4 February 1959.

Capital Issued £28,526,617: Reserve Fund £21,000,000.

Current Deposit and Other Accounts £1,580,339,733 (1957 – £1,512,567,419).

Investments £505,468,031: (1957 – £492,888,530).

Advances £456,321,193: (1957 – £377,684,012).

Net Profit £3,345,411: (1957 – £2,861,407).

The following is an extract from the address of the Chairman, Mr Anthony William Tuke, circulated to the Stockholders: –

I wrote to Stockholders in August to tell them of our plans for the increase of the Bank's Ordinary Capital by the issue to them of additional shares arising from the capitalisation of part of our Reserve Fund and also for the offer to the Staff of a further block of their special Stock. The formalities of both operations have now been completed and the final ordinary dividend of 6 per cent. which we are recommending will be payable on the new stock as well as on the old. During the year events have tended to favour our affairs. Both investment income and the earnings of our money market assets have shown substantial increases which, coupled with larger balances at our disposal and an easement in the necessity of setting aside funds by way of provision, have enabled us to bring down a very satisfactory profit. We have made a transfer from Inner to Published Reserves of an amount which, together with the transfer from this year's profits, will leave the Reserve Fund £1,000,000 higher than it was a year ago.

Rebuilding of Head Office

The rebuilding of our Head Office is now proceeding apace. It is being undertaken in three phases, the first of which covers in the main the site of the former Church and Churchyard of All Hallows, Lombard Street. Here a forest of steel has grown up in the past few weeks and walls and floors are now beginning to appear. The foundation-stone of the new building will be laid on 15 January at a private ceremony, and a model of the building as it will appear when eventually completed will be available for inspection by any interested Stockholder on the day of the Annual Meeting. We have been subjected to inconvenience in our Head Office accommodation for so many years now that the prospect, even if it is still remote, of occupying an efficient modern office building gives us great encouragement.

We have opened a number of new branches during the year, including one in the West End of London under the management of a member of our women staff, Miss H. M. Harding. This interesting experiment has been hailed in some quarters as a portent, as indeed in a sense it is, but it may also be regarded as a natural and perhaps somewhat belated recognition that the holding of responsible posts in contact with our customers is no longer necessarily an exclusively male preserve.

The Board have recently decided to introduce into the Rules of the Bank's Pension Fund a provision whereby a member of the Staff leaving the Bank before pensionable age can, subject to a qualifying period of service, retain or take with him the benefit accumulated in respect of his past service. Our Pension Fund is non-contributory, and was already most favourable to the members both in respect of the basis of calculation and of certain valuable options available when the pension accrues; the new provision will bring it into full conformity with the most modern practice. It will come into operation as soon as the necessary alteration in the Rules has received the formal approval of the Inland Revenue.

I referred last year to our having come to the rescue of the depositors of a small savings bank in Birmingham known as The Ideal Bank. The result of this action has come up to our best expectations. We have been able to retain 90 per cent. of the money deposited with The Ideal Bank, and we have, we hope, made a large number of new friends in the Birmingham area.

The New Cheques Act

The new Cheques Act has now been in operation for more than a year and so far as the banks are concerned there has been no hitch nor difficulty in its working. It has, however, produced an unexpected secondary effect in that many trading concerns have taken advantage of it to discontinue the practice of issuing receipts to their customers, in respect of which their legal obligation has not in fact been altered in any way. The lack of any concerted plans or adequate explanation caused great confusion at first in many instances, but this is gradually being overcome, and in due course both debtor and creditor will no doubt become accustomed to the new system. We await with interest the introduction of further legislation removing the prohibition of the payment of wages by cheque or by direct transfer to banking accounts, which will, I hope, now find general acceptance provided that it is permissive and not compulsory.

The Board of Directors

Before closing I must mention that we have welcomed to our Board during the year Colonel W. H. Whitbread, whose outstanding position in the brewing trade needs no emphasis from me.

We congratulate our colleague, Mr R. H. Parker, on his appointment by The Queen as Her Majesty's Lieutenant for the County of Cambridge, and also Sir David Evans Bevan on the Baronetcy conferred upon him in the Birthday Honours.

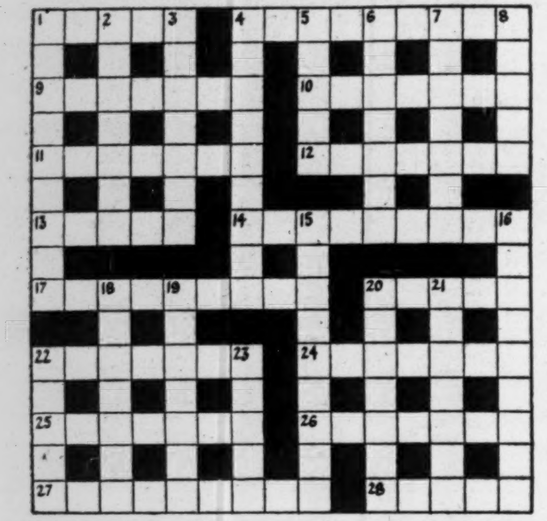
Finally, I must refer to a sorrowful event, the retirement of Sir Cecil Ellerton from the office of Deputy Chairman at the end of the year. Sir Cecil has been always at my right hand since I became Chairman in 1951 and we had previously been colleagues as General Managers during the war. I know, therefore, what I owe to his loyal friendship and wise counsel over many years. I know also that he would not like me to set it all down in writing, and although he is at this moment at a safe distance, in the Antipodes, I will not incur his displeasure by trying to do so. I am happy to say that he will remain a member of the Board and will continue many of his activities in the City, in which he has performed great service not only to the Bank, but also to the Country.

When they were informed of Sir Cecil's intentions the Board appointed one of our Vice-Chairmen, Mr John Thomson, to take his place as Deputy Chairman, and they have now appointed as a Vice-Chairman Mr T. M. Bland, who has recently completed a distinguished two-year period as President of the Institute of Bankers, an office in which he followed after 20 years his father, the late Mr F. L. Bland. We have thus introduced into the highest offices in the Bank two of a younger generation, on whose wisdom and experience as bankers the Stockholders can rely with complete confidence.

Copies of the Directors' Report containing the full text of the Chairman's Address may be obtained from Barclays Bank Limited, Room 154, 54 *Lombard Street, London, EC3.*

Week-end Crossword 338

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 338, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 27 Jan.



ACROSS

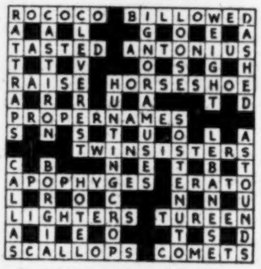
1. Whiting's audience (5).
4. It is used for thrashing, but who perish is obscure (9).
9. The chucker-out is the one who wins in the end (7).
10. Opportunity lost for part of the church (7).
11. The musician gets rates revised in a short time (7).
12. Churchman who keeps the border in his head (7).
13. Dislikes a faithful friend without a hundred (5).
14. Not honest because held in tangled rein (9).
17. If there were no possibility of a garret this humble job would become a writer (9).
20. Mother who marries? (5).
22. Rage in weekly journeys (7).
24. A vessel up for sauce (7).
25. Little Billee's city (7).
26. Drew on everything socialist about the conservative (7).
27. One who has perhaps taken the pledge has a tale about a gin spilt (9).
28. The town for which a measure exists (5).

DOWN

1. When the mines are brought up, this means of transport is perhaps a shame in them (9).
2. An insect with a fruit inside for nourishment (7).
3. Understatement with falsehoods about a child (7).
4. Instrument which is little short of hard on a girl (9).
5. The runner-up is to go through it again (5).
6. I hoard up on cheating the tax-collector (7).
7. Teacher made to measure (7).
8. Beating often felt but not on the rear (5).
15. To be not incoherent in a drinker's resort? (9).
16. Though a dramatist, I reside up in a mess (9).
18. What the lion is doing with the athlete in the arena (7).
19. Play with messy treacle (7).
20. He has a wife in every port and has to marry a good many (7).
21. Place where there is a goddess in ten (7).
22. 'When Earth's last picture is painted and the —— are twisted and dried' (Kipling) (5).
23. A pretext for gunfire (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 336



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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

CO-OPERATIVE UNION LIMITED EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

Applications are invited for an appointment as Tutor-Organiser in Consumer Education. The appointment is within a plan of experimental work and will be for at least four years. The person appointed will be responsible for initiating and directing work, both established and experimental, within the consumer education programme of the Co-operative Movement; will work within the Headquarters staff of the Education Department; and may be expected to undertake experimental projects in selected areas throughout the country. Commencing salary will be within the range of £720 × £25 to £880, the point of entry being determined by qualifications and experience. Further details may be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leics., together with application forms which must be returned by 22 January, 1959.

TEACHERS FOR BRITISH COLUMBIA

The British Columbia Provincial Department of Education is interested in obtaining the names of qualified British secondary and elementary school teachers desirous of emigrating to British Columbia for September 1959.

Applicants should be under the age of 45 years and must have completed a formal course of teacher-training or hold a diploma in Education. For secondary school certification, applicants must hold also a recognised University degree or equivalent. Interviews with a representative who has authority to make appointments to schools in British Columbia will be arranged in February, March and April for those whose eligibility for certification has been determined. Those interested should write immediately to The Agent General for British Columbia, 1 Regent Street, London, SW1.

FAMILY Caseworker Trainee required (woman). Social Science certificate or relevant qualification. Salary AGFCW scale. Application giving full details and names of two referees to Secretary, Personal Service Society, 34 Stanley St, Liverpool, 1.

PART-time Occupational Therapist wanted for The Dolly Ross Holiday Home for the Blind, Braemar Royal, Grand Avenue, West Southbourne, Bournemouth, Hants. Apply to Matron.

TRAINED and experienced teacher required as governess for three English children in Spain, year commencing next September. Box 5470.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ADMINISTRATIVE COUNTY OF WILTS

Applications invited from women holding the Home Office Certificate in Child Care and/or a Social Science Diploma for post of Child Care Officer. Salary in accordance with APT Grade I (£575–£725), commencing at not less than £635, with additional increment of £30 if Home Office Certificate is held.

Application forms with full details from the Clerk of the Council, County Hall, Trowbridge, returnable by 31 January, 1959.

BBC requires Assistant to Publicity Officer in Cardiff to assist in organisation and carrying out of all BBC publicity in Wales. Ability to compile information and interest stories concerning programmes and related BBC activities expected. Candidates should have knowledge of working of newspapers and magazines, especially local dailies and weeklies including press photography. Thorough knowledge of Wales and ability to write fluently in Welsh as well as in English essential. Salary £825 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,160 p.a. max. Requests for application forms enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.955 N.Stn should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Chief Sub-Editor, Sports Unit, News Division to act as deputy to Sports News Editor. Duties include supervising the selection of items for Sports news and helping generally in planning and producing Sports programmes; occasional reporting of sporting events and interviewing at the microphone. Thorough journalistic knowledge of sport and its leading personalities essential. Salary £1,380 (possibly higher if qualitfications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,930 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.952 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Assistant, Programme Contracts Department. Duties involve assisting the Assistant Head of Department with drafting of special agreements and in dealing with wide range of contractual and administrative matters (sound and television) relating to artists and speakers. Ability to absorb details of formal artists' union and other agreements and established official policy, to conduct correspondence and to draft formal documents is essential. Legal training a most useful asset. Starting salary £1,105 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,550 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.951 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

LEEDS Council of Social Service (Incorporated). Qualified caseworker required to assist in progressive Family Casework Department. Agency for student training. Salary AG and FCW scale according to experience. Details and application forms from General Secretary, 6 Church Row, Leeds, 2.

ASSISTANT with some experience, to develop small book and stationery business in North London. Would suit ex-junior seeking greater scope. Box 5392.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Russian Studies. Candidates should have special interests and qualifications in Russian History. Salary scale £700 to £850 per annum, with membership of the FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 24 January 1959 to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

GRANADA TV Network Limited have a vacancy for a Personnel Officer who will be based in London. He will be responsible to the Personnel Manager in Manchester for the recruitment and administration of manual, clerical, secretarial and technical staff in the Company's London Offices, Television Studios, Film Unit et cetera. He must also be prepared to deal at local level with the appropriate Trade Unions. Applicants should be between 25 and 35 years of age, have a University qualification in Social Science or have undertaken a recognised one year course in Personnel Management (followed by at least two years experience in a Personnel Department. Applications, giving full details, should be addressed to Personnel Manager, Manchester, 3.

OXFORDSHIRE Education Committee. Applications are invited from persons possessing a Mental Health Certificate for the post of Senior Psychiatric Social Worker for the Oxfordshire Child Guidance clinics based on six centres and a hostel for maladjusted children. The post offers opportunities for intensive case work. An interest in running seminars with other social workers and in helping to develop a mental health preventive service among the parents of young families would be an advantage. Salary and conditions of service in accordance with the Whitley Council Scales (£700 × £25 – £775 × £30 – £925). Previous experience will be taken into account in fixing the starting point on the scale. The successful applicant will be required to provide a car for which an allowance in accordance with the Council's scale will be paid. Applications stating age, qualifications and experience, accompanied by two testimonials and the names and addresses of two referees, should be sent to the Director of Education, County Offices, New Road, Oxford, within three weeks of the appearance of this advertisement.

FAMILY Service Units have vacancies, resident and non-resident, for three family caseworkers, men or women, for the extension of their work with problem families in London and several provincial cities. Preference will be given to applicants with social science training and previous experience of social work. Non-resident salaries £525/25/£700; Children's allowances, pension scheme. Also vacancies for two senior workers with advanced qualifications and suitable experience preferably in mental health work. Salaries from £625 to £820. Write to Secretary, FSU, 25 St Mary's Grove, N1.

MANAGER required, small office, worthwhile charitable Association in Knightsbridge. Versatile, adaptable, good typist. 5-day week, hours 9.30-5. Salary range £450 to £550. Write Box 5542.

FRIENDLY Guest House sks intellectual cook/housekeeper who enjoys sea & country & appreciates village life. Able to cater for vegetarians. Box 5395.

INTERNATIONAL organisation reqs part-time secretary-typist, 20 hours weekly by arrangement, perfect English and ability to work independently essential, copy typing of German and/or French advantage. Box 5553.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

HAMPSHIRE. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Educational Psychologist. The duties, consisting of advisory work in the schools and diagnostic work in the County's Child Guidance Clinic and Remand Homes, will be carried out within the framework of the Authority's School Psychological Service. Candidates must hold a degree in Psychology, and preferably have had approved clinical training. Teaching experience is desirable. Salary: Man, £997 10s.-£1,207 10s. Woman, £970 10s. to £1,207 10s. Forms of applic., with further particulars of appointment, may be obtained from undersigned (send s.a.e.) and should be returned by 31 Jan. 1959. R. M. Marsh, County Education Officer, The Castle, Winchester.

JOURNALIST Assistant required for Labour Party Press and Publicity Department. Must be Labour Party and NUJ member. Application form from Morgan Phillips, Secretary, Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, SW1. Closing date for applications, 30 January 1959.

NORFOLK County Council. Grove House Reception Home, East Dereham. Deputy Matron required, age not less than 25, to assist in the observation and assessment of children placed in the Home. Experience with children separated from their own homes and an understanding of their needs and problems are essential. Salary according to experience within the scale £400 to £480 plus £25 per annum for a Child Care qualification. £116 per annum will be deducted for board, lodging and laundry. Applns to Children's Officer, 20 Lower Clarence Road, Norwich.

PIONEER Social Scheme, successfully bringing together broken family units, requires Warden with vocation for family welfare, preferably retired schoolmaster. Also Assistant to Founder, children's nursing qualification, to supervise children & domestic staff. Apply Sec., Management Cttee, Family Re-union Centre, 36 Dale Rd, Purley, Surrey.

BRITISH Company invites applications from Indian Nationals who have qualified as English Barristers, for the post of Assistant Secretary to its Subsidiary Company in India. Write for application form to Box No. 852, Dawsons, 28 Craven St, WC2.

SECRETARY Shorthand Typist (unmarried) required for office of College of Advanced Technology. Permanent; pensionable; generous holidays; School Certificate or equivalent. Good typing essential. Scale: £9 5s. 6d. at 25, £10 14s. 6d. at 30 or over, rising eventually to £13 6s. 6d. Apply by letter with full particulars of experience to the Secretary, Northampton College, St John Street, London, EC1. (Near Angel Station.)

STEADY, freelance commercial artist. Detailed drawings for children's comic cardboard cartons, gadgetry, small modelling. Box 5530.

SECRETARY, 25/35, with administrative exp., for clinic, W1. Good prospects. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

SHORTHAND-Typist required for worthwhile charitable Association in Knightsbridge. 5-day week; hours 9.30-5. Salary scale £450-£525 p.a. according to experience and qualifications. Write Box 5541.

KIND capable person offered healthy, happy home and salary from March, chiefly to look after boys 3 and 5 years at morning school. Extremely labour-saving house, good daily help. Mrs. Walker, Grey's Orchard, Barby, Nr Rugby.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

HONS grad., lady barrister (d.v.), some typing, French, sks post. Box 5509.

TEMPORARY secretary seeks work 3 months London area. Excellent experience/references. Part-time considered. Box 5452.

CANADIAN lady (31) seeks post as personal assistant (research, typing, etc.) to author in London area. Box 5507.

GIRL, 23, artistic talent, originality and enthusiasm, seeks job. Essential earn daily bread. Box 5490.

YOUNG lady BSc Econ. specialising Sociology, sks interesting post. Box 5295.

PHARMACIST returning to Australia desires agency. Not necessarily pharmaceutical. Good connections. Box 5373.

YOUNG couple, lacking opportunity to use intelligence and initiative, seek unusual job, preferably with travel. Box 5426.

ANGRY yng woman, expd film production, used to organising, outgrown role of secy, seeks responsible/useful work. Box 5443.

SOCIAL Science Graduate, woman, seeks temporary employment, full- or part-time, London. March-June. Box 5455.

MABEL Eyles & Ptners. Sh./typing, translating, duplicating, printing. MOU. 1701.

PERSONAL

LAW student, 21, woman, with French, German and Spanish requires remunerative vacation work June-July. Anything considered, exchange references. Box 5424.

PYE 'Black Box'. Hi-fi record player. Exc. cond. £30. HOL. 9601 betwn 10-5 p.m.

ROOM, food, £1 p.w. for young woman in exch. 3 mths part-time house duties, family. Ring FIN. 3643 after 6 p.m.

YOUNG woman aged 25 seeks fem. companion for overland trip to S. Africa on expenses-shared basis. Box 5420.

TWO enterprising, impecunious students (f.) seek weekend jobs. Box 5471.

YOUNG man 28 seeks companion (m), 21-30, for holidays abroad. Box 5399.

ITALIAN Riviera. New villa to let. Private position. Phone SWI. 4723.

ENGLISH for foreigners; also German. Expd teacher. Mod. terms. MOU. 1668.

BRAZIERS Park, Ipsden, Oxon: 30 Jan. weekend 'Drama & Living Research'; 6 Feb. symposium on travel in Russia, 13 Feb. St Valentine Ball. Details on request.

RUSSIAN Records at greatly reduced prices. Classical, operatic, folk. Sale commences 17 January at Collet's, 70 New Oxford Street, EC1.

CONTINENT. Attractive posts for girls avail. Also wanted, p.g. accommodation and exchanges seaside/country for students. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, London.

PRINTING with Personality—at Country prices. The Priory Press, Malvern.

GERMAN University student gives German lessons evenings. Box 5441.

REQUIRED: Student agents to raise Jugoslav Easter Ski Parties and Summer Camping groups. Generous terms. Box 5437.

RIVIERA village near Vence. To let furnished, house and flat. State dates and number of persons. Box 5457.

FOREIGN girls domest. and willing avail. (1) 'au pair', (2) requiring free board & lodg. in exch. 4 hrs help, (3) also small contribution for board & lodg. & 2 hrs help. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7.

INTERPRET for foreign holidays. 3 LP records & 2 books. Only £3 post-free. French, Spanish, Italian & German. Free trial. No deposit. Visaphone Company (Dept NS), 10 Bayley Street, WC1. MUS. 7223.

ROCKET base demonstration films (16 mm) for hire, 20 minutes 15s. Details from Eric Walker, 154 Corbyn St, N4. ARC. 7200.

HOMOSEXUALS can still be given sentences of up to life imprisonment for acts committed by consenting adults in private. If you think that the law should be changed, write to:—The Secretary, The Homosexual Law Reform Society, Rooms 27-29, 32 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W1.

GUITAR Lessons. Classical. Chesnakov, 48A Cathcart Rd, SW10. FLA. 4354.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KENsington 8042.

LYRICS and sketches required. Scripts to Irving Theatre, Leicester Square, WC2.

HUMANISM, a modern outlook. Write to Ethical Un, 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8.

CHINESE exquisite hand embroidered pillow cases. White 20×30in. Four for only 27s. Post 1s. 6d. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd (Dept 18), 1/3 Stoke Newington Rd, London, N16.

FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, preferably au pair. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton Street, SW3. KEN 1586.

SAVILE-Row quality tailoring by monthly payments. Stanley Felce, 32 Maddox St, W1. MAYfair 7194.

BANDOL. Accommodation in Mediterranean villa. Special terms off season. 28 Park Ave, Bush Hill Park, Enfield, Middx.

PERSONAL—continued

HOUSEPARTY holidays: you and your family are invited to join an informal Winter Sports houseparty in Kitzbuehel, an Easter or August houseparty by the sea in Britain or a Summer houseparty in Italy, Sweden or Switzerland. Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, SW7. KEN. 8881/4.

SOCIOLOGY, phychology, discussion, dancing, music, play-reading, writing, rambling—are you interested? Write Sec. (B), Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

NOW is the Time. . . . We would like to remind our clients to let us start planning their 1959 'En Famille' holidays really early, while we can still offer the widest choice of Host-Families. 'Get to know the people of the country you visit by staying with them in their homes.' Write for illustrated Brochure to: EFA, 1 New Burlington St, Regent St, London, W1. REGent 8866.

FREE ski-ing holiday and money offered to University student willing to do a little work. Write Box 5231.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd, Chronicle House, Fleet St, EC4. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving dets & fees for our Course & Criticisms, & success letters from students.

PLANNED Family Requisites. List s.a.e. Surgical Stores, 10a Dartmouth Rd, SE23.

JOURNALIST writes speeches, reports, articles, etc. Write Box 6993.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. Regent Institute (Dept. E/191), Palace Gate, London, W8.

GERMAN lessons, language/literature, all levels. Native teachers. Social activities with German students. Ashley College, Tel. GER. 8782.

ALEXANDER Technique, Eric de Peyer, 7 Wellington Sq., SW3. SLO. 3141.

CAMERA Advice Centre specialises in developing of films by inspection, and quality enlarging. 54 Park Road (cont. Baker St), NW1.

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in 3 months. Setogni. WEL. 6655 for detls.

LONDON Contact Lens Centres, 66 New Cavendish Street, W1. Booklet sent. Def. terms. Branches: Oxford, Cambridge, Ipswich, Paris.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO TO TAHITI

to find straw huts beside a warm blue sea, to explore deserted sun-drenched islands, to wear a sarong and dance barefoot under the stars—at the Club's holiday villages in the Mediterranean you can enjoy the South Seas way of life for less than £50.

CLUB MEDITERRANEE
139 Kensington High Street,
(entrance in Wrights Lane)
London, W8. WEStern 1517.

EXPLORE EUROPE
with ETA TOURS

The Educational Travel Association have once again planned a selection of over 200 independent and escorted holidays throughout Europe. Arrangements for 1959 include an Easter Tour to Vienna, low cost visits to the Italian Art Cities, and some exciting new centres in Bavaria, Switzerland, the Tyrol, the Dolomites and on the Italian Lakes. Our prices are as low as ever, from:
£25 12s for 15 days.

Free 32-page brochure from
Dept NS, 3 Fleet Street, EC4. FLE. 1483

YOU can go by air with Wings and the cost of a 15-day holiday to the Austrian Tyrol, including air fare, hotel accommodation and full board, meals on 'planes, etc., is only 37 gns. Or a fortnight on the Costa Brava costs 41 gns. inclusive. Our 32-page programme contains many examples of complete holidays costing little more than normal air fares alone. Wings Limited, 48a Park Road, London, NW1. AMBassador 1001.

PROTRAVEL have something for everyone. Write now for your copy of our 1959 booklet, 'Better Holidays'. Portravel (NS), 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, London, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LANgham 3101.

SELECTED Hotels abroad personally inspected. Indep. Travel & inclusive Tours. Individual attention. Folder from Seven Seas Services, 328-119 Oxford St, W1. REG. 4317.

JUGOSLAVIA with all the advantages of Group Travel and Complete Freedom. Apply National Union of Students or Renaissance Holidays, Ltd (Non-profit making), 28 Finchley Road, London, NW8.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL—continued

HOLIDAYS with a 'difference' are organised for a growing number of people who like unconventional and 'off-beat' holidays away from tourist centres. Our programme includes walking holidays in many parts of Europe, sailing off the Dalmatian Coast, sketching near Lugano, camping in Corsica, exploring Greece, Sicily, Macedonia, etc. A p.c. will bring our programme. R.A. Services Ltd, 48a Park Road, London, NW1. AMBassador 1001.

SCHOLARSHIPS

CHANNING School Foundation Scholarship Examination 1959, for both boarders and day girls, will be held on 5-6 February next. The scholarships are open to girls born between 1 September 1945 and 31 August 1948. Full particulars from the Secretary, Channing School, Highgate, London.

WHERE TO STAY

DEVON. Pentagon Guest House, Stoke Fleming, Dartmouth. In delightful grounds, glorious scenery, near Blackpool Sands. Ideal for Spring hol. Good food, comfort, h. & c. all bedrms. Own produce, poultry. (No children under 5.) Stoke Fleming 231.

FORGET your cares amid the beauty and peace of miles of forest country. Excellent food, tennis, swimming, dancing and happy social evenings. Write for brochure Q. There are some chalets fully furnished to cater for yourselves and yet enjoy all the social amenities of the Camp. Write for brochure P, Treetops Holiday Camp, Farley Green, Guildford, Surrey.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

FARM Holidays—1959 Farm Holiday Guide describes Britain's best farm and country guest houses, county by county, illustrated. Price 3s. 6d. (postage 6d.). Farm Guide (NS), 18 High St, Paisley.

COTE d'Azur. Typical Provençal hotel. Beautiful, quiet site above sandy beach. Modern comforts. 1st-class cuisine. Casino, dancing. Reduced rates up to end of June. Illus. brochure: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

PARIS Pension, 75 Rue Cardinal Lemoine Ve. Full pension 35s., half 28s. daily. Quiet, ideal for study; good cuisine, recomm.

OBERHOFEN, Lake of Thun, Hotel Schlössli. Perfect situation on lakeside, adjoining landing-stage; superb views of Bernese Oberland; h. & c. in all bedrooms; first-class cuisine. Pension terms (incl.) 17-24 fr. per day; with bath 25-28 fr. Reduced rates for April, May, Sept. and October.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

MRS Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Road, WC2. TEM. 5588 and FRE. 8640.

TYPIST with many years' experience authors' work will gladly accept new MSS. Books, plays, theses, French typewriting, etc. Box 5303.

ALL Types of Typewriting and Duplicating done directly. MSS, Plays, Scripts, Short Stories, etc. Speed is the keynote of our efficient, faultless, inexpensive service. Colinad Co., Ltd., 117 City Rd, EC1. CLE. 9637 (5 doors from Old St Tube Stn).

LOOKS like print! New style duplicating by Susan Tully, 63 Wigmore St, W1. HUN. 9893. And standard typewriting service.

FOR rapid and reliable duplicating & typing, reports, theses, references, plays, etc., Abbey Secretarial Bureau, 4 Victoria St, SW1. Rush jobs undertaken. ABB. 3772.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service, 31 Kensington Church St, London, W8. WES. 5809.

INTELLIGENT typing of plays, novels, theses, etc. Rapid and expert duplicating. Translations. Dictation by telephone. Apollo Agency, 18 Hanover St, W1. MAY. 5091.

STELLA Fisher Secretariat, Ltd., 436 Strand, WC2. TEMple Bar 6644. Typewriting, Duplicating, Translations.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

CARTEL, January issue contains: 'Consumers in the Know', 'Inflation and Anti-Monopoly Policy', 'Concentration in France's Metal Industries', 'Chemists Condemned'. Price 2s. 6d. from International Co-operative Alliance (Dept N.S.), 11 Upper Grosvenor Street, W1.

'CYPRUS—the Solution!' Just published by the National Cypriot Committee and the Movement for Colonial Freedom. Foreword by Fenner Brockway, MP. Price 6d., 8d. post free, reduced rates for bulk orders. Orders accepted by MCF, 374 Grays Inn Road, London, WC1.

'ROBERT Burns' by William Gallacher; 'Seven Year Plan' by Andrew Rothstein, and 'Outlook for 1959' by R. Palme Dutt. Labour Monthly, 1s. 8d. or 9s. half yearly post free, from NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

'THE Sex Factor in Marriage,' by Dr Helena Wright. Married women's guide to sexual fulfilment. Recommended by doctors. Over 300,000 copies sold. 8s postage paid (plain envelope) from Williams & Norgate, Ltd, 154 Fleet St, EC4.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

BUMPUS Clearance Book Sale at 477 Oxford St. All books at a quarter of published price for final week. Commencing Monday, 19 January.

HEINE, collected works, first edition 21 Vol. Hoffman & Campe 1861-1869, bound, offered for sale. Give price Box 5247.

BOOKS bought, Left emphasis. Van calls Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV. 6807.

GERMAN books bought & sold: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street, CENtral 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

NW8. Lge furn. b/s., wonderful view. Cent. htg, built-in cupboards & basin. C.h.w., bath, kit. with 'frig. 'Phone. 4½ gns. p.w. Suit prof. woman/Univ. student. Box 5297.

LARGE lux. room, own bathroom, central heat, c.h.w., garage. Lovely professional house off Bayswater. References. Box 5296.

COMF. secluded sunny b/s., all con., excel. transp., lovely hsehld. Light bfst. £2 5s. 8 The Highlands. EDGware 3978.

VACANCY for bus./prof. woman, divan-room, share of kitchen. 2 gns. MOU. 5438.

W. FINCHLEY. Furn. sngle divan-rm, serviced, linen, h. & c., use bath, ckg facs. Quiet house, minute tube. HIL. 4861.

MARBLE Arch—4 bachelors seek 5th to share mod. comf. house. AMB. 9236.

SUNNY furn. sgle room with a view, h. & c., ckg facils. £3. Nr Tube. TUD. 0516.

FURNISHED flat, second floor, overlooking Primrose Hill. Young couple abroad. £6. PRI. 3222 after 6.

ROOM in W2 offered as pied-à-terre; weekends, occasional use. Box 5406.

PROF. woman has attractive flat near Richmond Bridge, wishes to share expenses with similar. Bed-sit. room. Box 5347.

HAMPSTEAD. S/c. furn. flat, 2 rec., k. & b., gdn by Heath, 6 gns p.w. Large divan-room £3 5s. p.w. Box 5414.

KEW. Large furn. room. All facs. Suitable music practice, m. pref. Box 5435.

B/S, quiet house, Regency Square, WC1. H. & c. £3 3s. weekly. TER. 4554.

HOLLAND Park, furnished flat. Two rooms, kit., bath., own tel. 6½ gns week incl. c.h.w., heat, light. PARk 4476.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club. 200 dble & sgle rooms, £4 10s. full board 12 Parkhill Rd., East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

FLAT-Share Specialists—also furnished flats and rooms. Roy's Bureau, 40 Mortimer Street, W1. MUS. 0512.

TO let; cheerful bedsitter, h. & c., Finchley Road, to professional or business gentleman. HAM. 0720.

HIGHGATE Woods. Sunny, large bed-sit., fine view. Cooking facilities, own meter. Employed lady only. TUDor 8160.

KENT: Cottage, 2 dble bed., all mod. con., charmingly furnished, bus route, nr Tunbridge Wells. £4 4s. week. Box 5398.

ACCOMMODATION EXCHANGE

ANTIQUE and secondhand furniture shop, main road between Harlesden and Edgware Road. Rent £350 inclusive. Flat over and small garden. Exch. for unfurn. London flat with garden—stock optional. Box 5374.

PROFESSIONAL couple wish to exchange Yorkshire house for accommodation in central London, from April to August incl. Any practicable solutions considered. Gerdes, Low House Farm, Eldwick, Bingley, Yorks.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

YNG Architect, wife, 2 girls 9 & 10, returning from Australia 26 Jan., sk temp. furn. flat on direct route to London W8-W11. Will kind owner offer at about 5 gns.? PAR. 7034 bef. 9 a.m./after 9 p.m, or Box 5474.

SERIOUS m. postgrad. student reqs small s/c. flat in London for 2½ years. Max. £5 p.w Refs. available. BAY. 5013.

GRADUATE preparing examinations reqs room return for baby-sitting, domestic help, etc., cent. Lond. Mar.-June. Box 5456.

RENT Act Victims urgently req. 2 rooms, kit. and bathroom. NW1, 3, 5 or south of river. Box 5432.

SMALL furn./unfurn. flat, pref. with garden, reqd Chelsea/SW areas. Moderate rent. Will purchase f. & f. Box 5558.

2 yng bus. wm req. reas. furn. flat. Connor, 34 Gertrude St, SW10. (Sealed Env.).

IMPECUNIOUS BBC official (Sound) seeks rent flat for two: furn. or part-furn. (s/c. preferred) from 1 March. Reach of Heath, Park, or Kew welcomed. Box 5520.

FURNISHED flat central London, 2/3 rooms sleep 3, kitchen & bath. Box 5508.

PROPERTIES TO LET

FURN. bung. adjg 17th Cent. secluded hse nr Horley, Sy. Suit bus. girls/cple. Lon. 45 mins. 5 gns. CHA. 5462 bet. 10-4.

QUIET seaside cottage nr Mundesley. Mod. con, March/Oct. Howe, Waxham, Norwich.

OPERA AND BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
COVENT GARDEN
COVENT GARDEN OPERA

19 Jan. at 7.0 & 22 Jan. at 7.30	Madama Butterfly (in Italian). Last perfs
24 Jan. at 7.30	Turandot

THE ROYAL BALLET

20, 21 & 23 Jan. at 7.30	The Sleeping Beauty
24 Jan. at 2.0	Ondine

COV. 1066

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
TER. 1672
Evenings 7.30

20 & 23 Jan.	Riders to the Sea, The Telephone, Bluebeard's Castle
21 Jan.	The Marriage of Figaro
22 Jan.	Eugene Onegin
24 Jan.	The Merry Widow

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Last 2 perfs Today. 2.30 & 7.30. 'Radio Rescue'. Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls. Non-Stop Revue. 3-yr., fr. 2.30. Sun. 4. Lst wk of 9th Ed. 10th commences 26 Jan.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. Mon. to Fri. 7.30. Sat. 5.0 & 8.15. Mat. Thur. 2.30. The Long and The Short and The Tall.

TH. Royal, E15, MAR. 5973, Last 2 perfs. Today 2.30 & 7.30. 'A Christmas Carol'.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. 'Mother Courage'. Fri., Sat., Sn., 7.30. Last 3 perfs. Mems.

CONCERTS

ICA Music Section – ICA Gallery, 17 Dover St, W1, on Mon. 19 Jan. at 7.30 p.m. 'Work in Progress', an illustrated talk by Alexander Goehr on his own compositions, with special reference to his cantata 'The Deluge'. Tickets: ICA Members, 1s. 6d. Public, 3s., at the Door.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns.). A Prog. of Films on 'British Graphic Art' (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until 18 Jan. Premiere of Czech comedy 'Old Man Motorcar (U). From 19 Jan.: Premiere of new Chinese film 'New Year Sacrifice' (U).

ROXY. BAY. 2345. Week c. 18 Jan., 7 days. Grace Kelly, 'Green Fire' (U). Eddie Constantine, 'Lock up the Spoons' (X).

MARIUS Goring reads poetry at The Arts Council, 4 St James's Square, SW1, on Wednesday, 21 January, 6 p.m. Tickets 7s. 6d. obtainable from the Arts Council.

DANCE. International Friendship League, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Sat., 17 Jan., 7.30-11 p.m. Tickets 4s.

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group. Today, Sat. 17 January, 8-11. Members 3s. & their guests 5s.

EXHIBITIONS

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions Mon.-Friday, 10-5. Adm. free.

PICTURES framing, prints, pottery, cards. Hogarth Gallery, 16a Hogarth Place, SW5. Close to Earls Court Station. Open all day Sat. Tel. FRE. 3328.

LOVIS Corinth: Paintings and drawings. An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 15 February: Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thrs. 10-8. Sun. 2-6. Adm. 1s.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. First London Exhibition Nicholas Georgiadis: New Paintings Mary Fedden: continuation of 'Gravures en couleurs'. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Six British Painters: Ballard, Burr, Daniels, Davison, Mason, Whishaw.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield Street, WC2. Recent paintings Marek Zulawski from 7-31 Jan.

ST GEORGE'S Gallery Prints, 7 Cork St, W1. REG. 3660. Stanley William Hayter: 10 new etchings. Ra van Rossem: The Spirituals & Blues Suite. Weekdays 10-6; Sats 10-1. 6-31 January 1959.

ULR – Ten Painters: Lanyon, Fussel, Potworowski & others. The Partisan, 7 Carlisle St, W1. Dly 10-midnight until 31 Jan.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay Street, W1 (GERrard 3529). Winter Miscellany.

POLLOCK'S Toy Museum and Toy Theatres. Admission free. Open 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. 44 Monmouth Street, Cambridge Circus, WC2.

RUSSIAN paintings from the 13th to the 20th century. An Arts Council Exhibition. Royal Academy. Till 1 March, Weekdays 10-7. Sunday 2-6. Admission 2s. 6d.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Adrian Heath – Paintings. Hans Reichel – Watercolours. Until 13 February. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED'S recent reproductions – Boudin, Lorjou, Modigliani, Marquet on sale at all good printshops. Illus. Catalogue 1s. 6d. from 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Painting by Fontana, Crippa, Dova, Clemente from the Damiano Collection. Until 7 February. Weekdays 10-6. Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s., Members free. Library: Photographs by Charles Damiano. Until 7 February.

YOUR Children will want details of how to enter the 12th annual National Exhibition of Children's Art. For leaflet send a stamped addressed envelope to: National Exhibition of Children's Art (B), Sunday Pictorial, Fetter Lane, London, EC4. Closing date for entries 26 February.

BEAR Lane Gallery, 6 Bear Lane, Oxford. Christopher Wood. Oil paintings, watercolours, drawings. 7-28 January.

EVIE Hone: Stained glass, paintings, drawings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 15 February. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues & Thurs 10-8. Adm. 1s.

CEREMONY and the Crafts Today, with selected work by Eric Gill, from 19 January until 21 February at the Crafts Centre of Great Britain, 16-17 Hay Hill, Berkeley Square, W1. Mon-Fri. 10-5. Sat. 10-12.30. Admission free.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. 19-31 Jan. Wolmark, Ben-Tovim, Marshall. Paintings. 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Annual New Year Exhibition. Also, the Robert Banks collection. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

WADDINGTON Galleries. The Bombardment of Sakiet and Other Pictures, Peter de Francia. 2 Cork Street, W1. 10-6, Sat. 10-1.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Drian Artists Exhibition 1959. From 9-27 Jan. 10-6, exc. Suns.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

Universities & Left Review Club
'VITAL THEATRE': GEORGE DEVINE & TED WILLIS. The Marquee (next Academy Cinema), Oxford St, W1, Mon. 19 Jan. 7.30. 2s. Mems 1s. Following week: Malcolm Muggeridge, 'Decline of Liberalism' (26 Jan.).

ULR Tuesday Forum. Mrs Lena Jeger, MP, on 'Prostitution', Tues., 20 Jan., 1 p.m., at The Partisan, 7 Carlisle Street, W1.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. 'The Parties' Policies on Mental Health', Kenneth Robinson, MP, Wed., 21 Jan., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. 7.30. Vis. 2s. 6d.

BRITISH Asian & Overseas Socialist Fellowship (London): discussion meeting Wed. 21 January, 7 p.m. (note day & time), Partisan, 1st floor, 7, Carlisle St, W1. Anthony Crosland, MP, on domestic problem with Overseas issues: 'Labour's Policy for Industry'.

'THE Middle East,' Mr Michael Ionides speaks at UNA Westminster Branch discussion meeting. National Liberal Club, SW1, on Tuesday, 20 January at 8 p.m.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 16 Jan. 8 p.m. Gilbert Phelps: 'Influence of Tolstoy on English Writers'. Fri. 23 Jan. 8 p.m. Mrs. J. Rosen (Domia Nachshen): 'Russian Paintings'. Sun. 25 Jan. 3 p.m. at French Institute, Queensberry Place, SW7, Russian films: The Fighter & The Clown, etc. Seats reserved in advance.

THE Hebrew Scriptures. Professor T. H. Robinson, LittD, DD, and the Rev. Dr I. Levy, OBE, will speak on Wednesday, 21 January, at 7 p.m. at King's Weigh House Church Hall, Binney Street, Oxford Street, W1. Org. by The London Society of Jews and Christians. All are welcome.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Communications. Colin Cherry: Automation Among the Artists. Chairman: J. R. M. Brumwell. Tues. 20 Jan., 8.15 p.m. Mems 1s. 6d., guests 3s.

ADLERIAN Society. 'Changing the Style of Life'. Dr James Moore. Thurs., 22 Jan., 7.30 punctually. Friends' House, Euston Rd, NW1. Non-mems 2s. Anniversary dinner (Adler's Birthday) Sat. 7 Feb. Tkts. 14s. 6d. from office, 42 Fortune Green Rd, NW6.

'THE Contemporary American Novel' – Two lectures by Professor Arthur Mizener (Cornell University, NY, USA) at 3 and 5 p.m. on Saturday, 24 January, at Goldsmiths' College, SE14 (TID. 2266). Fee 1s. per lecture. Tickets in advance or at the door.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

FLUORIDATION of water supplies – debate between Dr C. L. Sharp (MOH Bedford) & Dr B. P. Allinson. Chair.: Dr F. H. Banfield. Caxton Hall, Mon. 19 Jan. 7.30. 2s. 6d. London Natural Health Society.

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. Art. Milan's role in the Italian Avant-Garde. Speakers will include Reyner Banham. Chairman: Tony del Renzio. Thurs. 22 January, 8.15 p.m. Members 1s. 6d., guests 3s.

HAMPSTEAD Humanist Society. O. R. MacGregor: The Influence of the Churches on Social Policies, at 37 Broadhurst Gardens, NW6, 20 Jan. at 7.15 p.m.

W. Q. JUDGE: Public Lectures on his Writings. Sun., 18 Jan., 8 p.m. 'Notes on the Bhagavad-Gita': ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2 (PAD. 0688.)

IIWC London Branch. Fri. 23 Jan. 8.30 p.m. 'Switzerland'. Mr. H. J. Shepherd, BSc (Film). 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. Free.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun., 18 January, 6.30, Music & Readings, 7 p.m. H. J. Blackham: 'Adult Childishness'.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1. 24 January at 6 p.m. Dr. B. Bardi: Erinnerungen an Strauss.

THE Friday Club meets 7.45 Fridays at 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W8. Talks with discussion on Literature. The Arts, Current Affairs, etc. till 30 April. For Season's Programme apply Hon. Sec. M. Kew, 51c Fulham Park Gdns, SW6.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public Lecture, Wed. 21 Jan., 6.30 sharp: 'Mindfulness and its Place in Buddhist Meditation', Ven. Bhikkhu Dhammiko (English Sangha). An authoritative lecture on a fundamental aspect of Buddhism. Also Study Class Tue. 20 Jan., 6.30. Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way', leading Buddhist journal in the West. Information TAT. 1313.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. Sun., 11 a.m., 18 Jan. Maurice Burton, DSc. 'The New Approach to the Animal Kingdom'. Write for free 'Record'. Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m.

CONWAY Discussions. S. Place Ethical Soc., Red Lion Sq., WC1. Tues., 7.15 p.m., 20 Jan. Prof. Hyman Levy, DSc, 'Can Jewry Survive in the Modern World?

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily, London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

ESSEX EDUCATION COMMITTEE
HOW WE USE OUR MINDS

Residential Week-end Course on practical Psychology for adults. 6-8 February, 1959. Wansfell Adult College, Theydon Bois, Epping, Essex. Fee £3 8s. (Essex Residents £1 17s.).

Details from and applications to the Warden.

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Applications are invited now for this twelve months Course beginning October, 1959. It includes practical and theoretical work and is recognised by the Institute of Almoners. Candidates should hold a regular university qualification in Social Studies.

Information and forms of application may be obtained from the Director of Studies, Department of Social Study, University of Edinburgh, 59 George Square, Edinburgh, 8.

CHARLES H. STEWART,
Secretary to the University.

UNIVERSITE de Paris. Semaines d'Etudes françaises. Edinburgh, 31 March-5 April. Oxford, 7-12 April. Organised by the Sorbonne Cours de Civilisation française (and Institut français d'Ecosse) they include advanced Tutorials, Phonetics and Translations in French. 3 Standards: VIth Form, Undergraduates, Post-Graduates and Teachers (separate groups). Lectures by distinguished Speakers; Cultural Evenings. Fees: registration £1, Tuition £3, Residence (optional) £6 15s. UK Secretary, 45 Sunningdale Rd, Hessle, Yorks. Also Courses in Paris, all standards: October-June and summer.

ST Peter's Loft, St Ives, Cornwall. Fine Art training studio, Workshop & Pottery, Peter Lanyon-William Redgrave. Drawing, Painting, Portraiture, Still-Life, Abstraction, Landscape, Preparation of materials. Lectures, Pottery. Accom. arranged.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

LIBERAL Jewish Synagogue Religion School, 28 St John's Wood Road, NW8. New term begins Sunday, 18 January, at 10 a.m. when new pupils will be enrolled. Classes are held regularly on Sunday mornings in all Jewish subjects, including Jewish history, ceremonies and Hebrew, and are open to all children from 7 to 16, whether or not their parents are members of the Synagogue. For particulars of correspondence courses for children who cannot attend at the Synagogue, apply to the School Secretary.

ACTING & Speech; children's Saturday classes, Shepherd's Hill School; also students by arrangement. Ada Brown Mather, 15 Muswell Hill Road, N10.

STUDIO 7, Swanage. Weekly courses in Painting, 8 gns. including full board.

FOLK Guitar and Banjo. Monday evenings. 6.30 to 8 p.m. Singing 8-9.30 p.m. Folk Music Centre, EFDSS, 2 Regent's Park Road, NW1. GUL. 2206.

PAINTING, a basic course in colour, beginners, advanced. Details HAM. 4780.

TOUCH-Typing. Learn in 12-24 private lessons. Peggy Sutton. FLAxman 7967.

FRENCH conversation. Beginners' courses, discussion groups, private lessons. Lunch hour classes. Correspondence courses (all grades). GCE (London & Oxford) full-time day courses. The Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Rd, London, WC2 (Opposite Garrick Theatre). TRA. 2044.

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W14. PARk 8392.

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ST JAMES'S Academy, 283 Oxford St, W1. HYDe Park 6524. New conversation courses in French and other languages – Free Trial Lesson – Also, Intensive Secretarial Courses and English for Foreigners. Remarkable results.

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EASTER AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

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FRANCE. Easter study tour of Roman Gaul. 25 March to 8 April. Visiting iron-age and Roman sites mainly in Provence. Knowledge of archæology of Roman period essential. Cost (Nottingham to Nottingham): £48.

BERLIN. 9 to 23 August. Seminars in international relations; economics and trade unionism; social developments. Visits and conferences will be arranged. Cost (London to London): £38.

Further details of above and of a Summer School in general subjects at Broadstairs, Kent, 25 July to 8 August, from J. T. Rhodes, Summer School Secretary, 16 Shakespeare Street Nottingham.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 11 May to 11 Sept. 1959. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

SCHOOLS

NURSERY Play Group has a few vacancies for three- to four-year-olds for two play sessions per week. Apply to Dr Y. Popper, Tavistock Institute of Human Relations, 2, Beaumont Street, W1.

THE Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, NW3 (SWI. 3391). Small group weekly or full boarders accepted, boys and girls 5-18. GCE Advanced and Scholarship standard. Week-ends & Sum. holidays. Hedgerley Wood, Chinnor Hill (16 acres woodland, Chiltern Hills 750ft). Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, PhD; M. D. C. Graham, MA (Oxon).

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